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LITERATURE.

Bothwell: a Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (London: Chatto & Windus, 1874.)

ALL true lovers of English poetry will, we think, join with us in congratulating Mr. Swinburne upon his return to the regions of pure art, after the various excursions into the debateable land of poetical politics and theology which have diversified his literary course since 1866. In making this congratulation, we would be understood as not in any way intending to disparage the value of his productions in the interval. They include some of their author's most elaborate work, and stand conspicuous even among that work for combined audacity and success. But still such pieces as the *Ode on the French Revolution*, and not a few of the *Songs before Sunrise*, come near to be thought poetical *tours de force*, and poetical *tours de force* are not in themselves lovely or admirable. That these pieces are as good as they are, is owing to the fact that Mr. Swinburne can, as Stella said of Swift, "write beautifully about a broomstick." It is good that broomsticks should be written about beautifully, if they are to be written about at all; and it is good that we should have a writer capable of writing beautifully about them. But this fact being once well ascertained and established, it is to be desired that the best writer should set himself to work on the best subject, and that he should leave to lesser men the task of conciliating the cant of criticism by treating subjects which are too near to be properly seen, too disturbing to be dispassionately treated, and of too complex and irritating a nature to be adequately appreciated and judged.

From all these drawbacks the subject of *Bothwell* is completely free. It is far enough off from us in point of time and circumstance, to stand in no danger of confused and indistinct vision; it depends for its interest on certain few and eternal aspects of human passion and character which are ever clearly present to us, and are independent of the passing influence of circumstance and fashion; and although it possesses the subdued piquancy of a debated historical incident, it is not likely that any modern Sir Arthur Wardour, unless he be even less rational than his prototype, will quarrel with Mr. Swinburne for the view he has taken of Queen Mary's guilt. The subject, moreover, in our author's hands possesses an interest which it would have in those of no other man. It is his because he has proved it. Notwithstanding the perhaps more legitimately poetical attractions of the *Poems and Ballads*, we have always considered *Chastelard* as Mr. Swinburne's greatest work. In this latter he added to a mastery of poetical treatment as great, if less varied than that shown in the later publication, a power of creating and inter-

preting character, the equal of which we must go back some centuries for any hope of finding. There must be many of our readers who remember the peculiar sensation of discovering that in this our prosaic and uncreative age there had been born to us a poet who could not only melodiously describe and interpret, but also actually fashion and make. The Queen Mary of *Chastelard* was the, we had almost said, living proof of such a manifestation; and when, some year or two after the appearance of the earlier poem, *Bothwell* was announced as in preparation, the only fear which could have occurred to any lover of poetry was lest overhaste and the proverbial fatality of second parts might mar or obscure the excellence of the original creation. It is not too soon to say that, by the appearance of *Bothwell*, any such fear has been completely and triumphantly dispelled.

Of the general plot or fable of the play it cannot be necessary to say very much. The first act deals with the murder of Rizzio, the second with that of Darnley, the third and fourth with the matters attending Mary's ill-starred wedlock with Bothwell, the fifth with Lochleven and Langside, until the play closes on the shore of Solway. In all this the poet has closely followed history, or perhaps we may say, in order to conciliate the possible Sir Arthur Wardours, the generally accepted view of history; and he has throughout shown evidence of a close and minute study of the original records. Some few words it may be well to say of his attitude as to the main historical question of the Queen's innocence or guilt. She is inferred or assumed to be guilty. It would perhaps be sufficient to say that such inference or assumption is clearly within the poet's province. It is not his business to discuss the genuineness of the Casket letters, or in any other way to meddle with Mr. Carlyle's "Mother of dead dogs." But there is a far more sufficient justification. Mary innocent may be comforting to the moralist, and possible to the historian: to the artist she would be a discomfort and an impossibility. The possession of Mr. Swinburne's Mary is a far greater gain to the aesthetic sense than any certainty of her innocence could be to the moral feelings.

It is a point of far higher importance and of much greater interest to examine the superstructure of character which the author, in the discharge of his office of dramatic poet, has built upon the foundation of plot contributed by history. It is one thing to construct or borrow a certain combination of circumstances and action; it is another and an infinitely more difficult thing so to set in motion the persons in the drama that such action and circumstance shall occur in a natural sequence and evolution. The keynote of Mr. Swinburne's general treatment of his theme is struck not uncertainly by a quotation from the *Choephores* which serves as motto, and still more clearly by the following sonnet dedicatory:—

À VICTOR HUGO.

"Comme un fleuve qui donne à l'océan son âme,
J'apporte au lieu sacré d'où le vers tonne et luit
Mon drame épique et plein de tumulte et de flamme,
Où vibre un siècle éteint, où flotte un jour qui fuit.

Un peuple qui rugit sous les pieds d'une femme
Passe, et son souffle emplit d'aube et d'ombre et de bruit

Un ciel âpre et guerrier qui luit comme une lame
Sur l'avenir debout, sur le passé détruit.

Au fond des cieux hagards, par l'orage battue,
Une figure d'ombre et d'étoiles vêtue
Pleure et menace et brille en s'évanouissant;

Eclair d'amour qui blesse et de haine qui tue,
Fleur éclosée au sommet du siècle éblouissant,
Rose à tige épineuse et que rougit le sang."

The promise of this melodious overture is well kept. Act by act and scene by scene the poet has developed with steady and patient art the varied and turbulent passion of his sombre subject. In the outer circle are the tumultuous and half-savage commons, with their recent barbarism as yet but half transformed by the sour and ignoble fanaticism which culminated in the disgraces of Newcastle and Dunbar, and almost justified the sharp medicine of boot and gallows which Mary's great grandsons had to apply. Among these, and, to some extent, of them, appear divines like Knox and Craig, already meditating their arrogant theocracy, and with mouths full of the mystic and terrible language of the Hebrew Bible. Then come the barons greater and less, the abler among them showing the peculiar and rather hideous sixteenth century mixture of savagery and civilisation, with some devotion to religion, a good deal to Scotland, and an infinite amount to themselves, utterly careless of human blood, and yet careful to observe certain forms and conventions in shedding it. Surrounded by these, and attended by a few more prominent characters, stands the central figure of the Queen. By the time we have turned a score or two of pages, we see that Mr. Swinburne's hand has not lost its cunning. The Mary of *Chastelard* stands again before us, or rather that Mary with the due changes that time and chance, and light love and blood-guiltiness have wrought. In the former play she was still the lion's whelp, *ἡ βιόλου προελαίου ἀμερος*, and had the freshness of her joyous life in France yet upon her. Now she has hardened and grown fiercer. At almost her first appearance she speaks to Rizzio of her subjects thus:—

"These starved slaves
That feed on frost and suck the snows for drink,
Hating the light for the heat's sake, love the cold:
We want some hotter fire than summer or sun
To burn their dead blood through and change their veins."

and in her first conversation with Bothwell she hints and glances at Darnley's death. The murder of Rizzio fixes these loose and casual impulses towards freedom and revenge, and determines her upon the death of her husband, the punishment of his accomplices, and the vindication of her own authority.

"I would have all their heads here in my lap," she says to Mary Beaton, and this unconquerable spirit of independence and revenge never leaves her in good or evil fortune, in Holyrood or Lochleven, at Carberry or Langside. It even acquires strength and width of view as her misfortunes thicken, and from a mere ebullition of wounded personal pride becomes a sympathetic consciousness that in her the battle of sovereign and people is for the first, but not the last

time being fought out. As her foot leaves Scottish soil, she says:—

"If I live,
If God pluck not all hope out of my hand,
If aught of all mine prosper, I that go
Shall come back to men's ruin as a flame
The wind bears down, that grows against the wind
And grasps it with great hands and wins its way
And wins its will and triumphs: so shall I
Let loose the fire of all my heart, to feed
On these that would have quenched it.

I will leave
No living soul of their blaspheming faith
Who war with monarchs; God shall see me reign
As he shall reign beside me, and his foes
Lie at my foot with mine; kingdoms and kings
Shall from my heart take spirit, and at my soul
Their souls be kindled to devour for prey
The people that would make its prey of them,
And leave God's altar stripped of sacrament
As all king's heads of sovereignty, and make
Bare as their thrones his temples."

The whole course of the play is but the means whereby this white heat of passion is gradually forged; and so skilful is the accumulation of insult and disappointment, so cunning the fashion in which the web of calamity is woven round the Queen, that no reader can possibly avoid or refuse that sympathy which is the inevitable reward of true and well-calculated tragic action.

But besides this mood of "fire and iron," the poet has also shown us another aspect of Mary's character. Coincident with the *haine qui tue*, and strangely intermingled with it, there is the hardly less fatal *amour qui blesse*. Mr. Swinburne has wisely limited the display of this love on Mary's part to Bothwell alone; giving no countenance to the supposition of anything more than injudicious favour towards Rizzio. Here also the texture and quality of the Queen's passion is, as it should be, altered since the times when it lured Chastelard open-eyed to destruction. Then, though she could say in a moment of intoxication,

"I am sure I shall not love man twice,"
yet in cooler blood she had to confess the truth:—

"I would to God
You loved me less; I give you all I can
For all this love of yours, and yet I am sure
I shall live out the sorrow of your death
And be glad afterwards."

(*Chastelard*, act iii. sc. 1.)

But this light love, which then scarcely understood anything but mere pastime, has now grown less playful if not less deadly. It is reduced gradually to a condition wherein it hardly differs, save in intensity, from the love of those meaner women whom Mary despises so much. No finer or more dramatic retribution could possibly have been devised than this. The light fancy which could give neither pity nor constancy, which hardly knew what to do with such a passion as Chastelard's, fixes itself at last upon an unworthy and commonplace nature, and, hardly experiencing return, becomes a patient wife-like devotion under insult and neglect, worthy of Griselda herself. The touches which mark this change are infinite, and of infinite felicity and art. One can hardly help smiling pitifully when one finds Mary Stuart thus addressing a subject and a known libertine:—

"What heart have you to hurt me? I am no fool
To hate you for your heat of natural heart.
I know you have loved and love not all alike,

But somewhat all: I hate you not for that.
When have I made words of it? sought out times
To wrangle with you? crossed you with myself?
What have I said, what done, by saying or deed,
To vex you for my love's sake? and have been,
For my part, faithful beyond reach of faith,
Kingdomless queen and wife unhusbanded,
Till in you reigning I might reign and rest."

Bothwell himself is drawn with equal skill and success. An ordinary and rather brutal nature, whose coarseness is mistaken for strength, and whose principal motive is an ill-considered ambition half afraid of the means which it must use, he becomes fretful, and loses head under the difficulties of the position he has coveted, and lacks both the skill and the courage to pluck safety from danger. Perhaps the only figure which is somewhat overdrawn is Darnley. Mr. Swinburne appears to us to have succumbed to temptation in a manner very unusual with him, and to have seized, a little too eagerly, the obvious method of justifying, or at least explaining, the conduct of his heroine by overcharging the faults of her husband. The ordinary contemptuous charity with which one thinks of Darnley as of a mere "booby who had fine legs," may be—probably is—misplaced; but it may be doubted whether such a monster of combined cowardice, folly, presumption, fretfulness, and ingratitude as is here exhibited could ever really have existed. Yet, although the design be faulty, one almost forgives its faults in considering the excellence of its execution. The third scene of the first act, in which Darnley prefers his idle and incoherent complaints to the Queen, only half aware of the bitter irony with which she receives them; the sixth scene of the second act, in which his insane fretfulness and cowardice lead him to try to pick a quarrel with Murray; and the seventeenth of the same act, in which through distrustfulness he rejects the last hope of safety, proffered by Lord Robert Stuart, are all masterpieces of dramatic construction and language. But perhaps the finest scene in which he appears, dead or alive, is that in which the queen and Bothwell visit his corpse. The contrast between the impassive and analytic calmness of the one, and the unquiet discomfort of the other (on whom sits all the awkwardness of a vulgar murderer in presence of his victim), could not be better worked out; nor would it be easy to surpass in power the wife's description of her murdered husband:—

"His cheek
Is not much changed, though since I wedded him
His eyes had shrunken and his lips grown wan
With sickness and ill living. Yesterday
Man or no man, this was a living soul;
What is this now? This tongue that mourned to me,
These lips that mine were mixed with, these blind eyes
That fastened on me following, these void hands
That never plighted faith with man and kept,
Poor hands that paddled in the sloughs of shame,
Poor lips athirst for women's lips and wine,
Poor tongue that lied, poor eyes that looked askant,
And had no heart to face men's wrath or love
As who could answer either—what work now
Doth that poor spirit that moved them?"

We have unfortunately not space enough to notice at length the lesser characters, which, however, will well repay the minutest study, being drawn with the utmost care and individuality, and projecting themselves upon the mind with the same astonishing

clearness which distinguishes the principal figures. The balanced uprightness and respectability of Murray, the policy of Morton and Maitland, the shifting half-heartedness of Huntley and Argyle, all body themselves forth in vivid reality. Knox, of whom Mr. Swinburne takes a rather favourable view, is another striking portrait, and so is Lord Ruthven, whose farewell scene with Murray is so wonderful in cunningly judged pathos, that part must be quoted:—

Murray. "But in this trust, though loth I take farewell,
To give you welcome ere the year be dead.

Ruthven. Me shall you not, nor see my face again,
Who are the year die must be dead; mine eyes
Shall see the land no more that gave them light,

But fade among strange faces; yet, if aught
I have served her, I should less be loth to leave

This earth God made my mother.

Murray. Then farewell,
As should his heart who fares in such wise forth
To take death's hand in exile. I must fare
Ill now or well I know not, but I deem
I have as much as you of banishment
Who bear about me but the thought of yours."

But the greatest success among all the minor personages is unquestionably Mary Beaton. The depth and fulness of meaning which the author has managed to put into her few words is surprising. Being, as she is, the embodied *rianc* and Fury of Chastelard, fastened to the Queen by an indissoluble bond of covert hatred, she shows this in no flourish of language or impertinence of soliloquy, but only now and then in sombre sentences of double meaning, which recall the Clytemnestra of Aeschylus as she welcomes her returning lord. The rendering of this character alone would place Mr. Swinburne in the front rank of dramatists. Nor can we pass over without laudatory comment his most praiseworthy abstinence from soliloquies in general. They are only too welcome to the ordinary dramatist: first, as a convenient means of explaining and helping on the action which he is not strong enough properly to evolve; and, secondly, as useful occasions for introducing fine things. In this, as in many other instances, Mr. Swinburne has proved himself superior to ordinary tricks and artifices, and able to produce great results with the simplest apparatus.

It remains now that we should say a few words as to the workmanship or purely formal part of this great poem. Few will be needed—not that we hold this matter to be unimportant, since it is indeed the very soul of poetry, but simply because in this department Mr. Swinburne's spurs are not now to win. All who know anything of English verse, know that among its craftsmen there is no surer hand than his. There is, perhaps, one point in which the book gives a handle to small criticism, and that is its length. This, no doubt, far exceeds what is usual in a drama, whether intended for the stage or the study. But it must be remembered that this is purely an accident. Had the author chosen to cast his work in epic form, no one would have considered it too long; and the privilege of elaborate treatment ought not to be denied him, because he

has (as we think, most wisely) preferred the more vivid if more difficult presentment of the drama. Nor can it be alleged for a moment that, bulky as the work is, it is in any respect undisciplined or diffuse. Every line contributes its share to the general effect and action; every line shows signs of the severest and most careful censure. In one respect there is even a marked improvement upon the author's earlier work. Mr. Swinburne used to be not quite free from the fault of overloading his lines with epithets, appropriate and picturesque enough in their immediate place, but often tending to obscure the general force of a passage, or at least to produce a somewhat too *flamboyant* effect. The severest critic will have no such fault to find with *Bothwell*. Quotation, indeed, is an easy task, and the passages already cited will have shown sufficiently the marvellous variety and vigour of the verse, the precision of the language, the fire and gravity of the style; but it may not be out of place to give the following as an additional illustration of these excellences:—

Queen. "I never loved the windless weather, nor
The dead face of the water in the sun;
I had rather the live wave leapt under me,
And fits of foam struck light on the dark
air;
And the sea's kiss were keen upon my lip
And bold as love's and bitter; then my soul
Is a wave too that springs against the light
And beats and bursts with one great strain
of joy
As the sea breaking. You said well; this
light
Is like shed blood spilt here by drops and
there
That overflows the red brims of the cloud
And stains the moving water: yet the waves
Pass and the spilt light of the broken sun
Rests not upon them but a minute's space:
No longer should a deed, methinks, once
done
Endure upon the life of memory
To stain the days thereafter with remorse
And mar the better seasons."

It would be impossible for anything to excel this writing either in intrinsic excellence, or in appropriateness of place and time; for it is spoken on the sea shore at Alloa, in the days immediately preceding the formation of the plot against Darnley's life. Of lyric work there is not much in the volume; but what there is, is in every way worthy of its frame and setting.

Incomplete as any study of such a poem as *Bothwell* in the space at our disposal must necessarily be, we hope that enough has been said to show in some measure its importance, and its altogether exceptional completeness of execution as well as of design. In the many thousand lines which compose it we have hardly, after repeated and careful reading, found one blemished or inharmonious verse: in all its complicated delineations of character we have hardly (excepting in the instance before mentioned) found any blurred outline or faulty draughtsmanship. It is perhaps too early yet to assign to *Bothwell* its proper place in English poetry, although that place is to us beyond doubt or question. Suffice it to say, that perhaps the most tragic figure in English story has at last been vindicated from the merely external portraiture of Scott, and the disastrous mixture of sentiment and piety which, in an evil moment for his fame, was compounded by

Schiller. Still it must be remembered that Mr. Swinburne's work is not even yet wholly done. He has shown us in *Chastelard* the *πύραρχος ἀνή*, the original treason to "the Lord of terrible aspect;" he has drawn in *Bothwell* the *νέκρωσα ὕβρις*, the murder of Darnley, with its attendant folly and crime; he has now to complete the trilogy, and to embody in his completion the final expiation. When he shall have done this, and have completed at Fotheringay the action begun at Holyrood, and continued at Craigmillar, it will be time to look at other dramas and other literatures, to see what work may be found with which this may be matched in dramatic completeness and force. But we are sure that had he never written anything but the work before us, though we might have been ignorant of the range and variety of his poetical gifts, though we might not have known that his lyrical powers were as great as those here chiefly shown, yet there could have been no doubt in the mind of any competent judge that by this play its author had won a place, second to few dead and to fewer living, among the occupants of the heights of the English Parnassus.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Waterloo Lectures: a Study of the Campaign of 1815. By Colonel Charles C. Chesney, R.E. Third Edition. (London: Longmans & Co., 1874.)

In a recent number of the ACADEMY we adverted to the reputation obtained on the Continent by Colonel Chesney's *Waterloo Lectures*. Translations in French and German have not only placed its lessons at the disposal of military students in both countries, but occasioned careful researches for additional evidence on certain doubtful points. In two instances the result has been to clear, to a certain extent, the characters of both victors in that struggle of giants from imputations of neglect on the one hand, and false, or rather inexplicable, strategy on the other.

It has hitherto been supposed—and Colonel Chesney, in the two earlier editions of his work, was unable to obtain evidence to the contrary—that no communication of their defeat at Ligny was made by the Prussian staff till the morning after the battle. This, it is unnecessary to say, was fought late in the afternoon of June 16, and its closing scene was a charge of cavalry in which Blücher was knocked down and ridden over. Wellington, in the meanwhile, who had promised to support the Prussians should the attack on his own advanced corps prove insignificant, had had enough to do to hold his own against Ney at Quatre Bras. It has been supposed that in the hurry of retreat, with the general-in-chief wounded, the Prussians forgot to send tidings of their mishap to Wellington, whose position might have been gravely compromised by the omission; and Gneisenau, Blücher's chief of the staff, who commanded for the short time the old Marshal was incapacitated by his fall, has been much censured for the neglect, as well as Blücher himself.

But since the publication of the first edition of *Waterloo Lectures*, careful researches made in Germany have not only completely

disproved the charge, but satisfactorily explained the reason of its being made. It seems that just before the final attack at Ligny, Blücher had sent Major Winterfeldt, one of his aides-de-camp, to acquaint Wellington that he was forced to retreat. This officer,

"riding up to Quatre Bras with his escort to give Blücher's warning, was shot down by the French skirmishers on the chaussée near Pierrmont, and lay some time between their fire and that of the Nassauers before the latter rescued him. Of an officer who came to assist him, he begged only that his condition might be made known to the nearest general of rank; for he thought it improper, even in his wounded state, to make known such alarming news to a subordinate. No such person as he asked for could he get near him; and hence, though Müffling heard about dark, in the Duke's presence (as he tells us), of the aide-de-camp's wound, no word came of what his message was, and it was probably thought to be of small importance. For this mistake, however, we may censure Müffling himself, or possibly the stiffness of character which first took Major Winterfeldt unnecessarily near the line of French skirmishers, and, when wounded by his own temerity, made him keep the message close. Neither Blücher nor Gneisenau—now that the truth is made clear—can any longer be charged with the supposed neglect to let their ally know that the battle had gone against them; though it is fair to add that some additional precautions might well have been adopted by the latter, after he had taken command, and the fighting had come to an end, to acquaint the English general with the actual condition of affairs in so vital a point of the campaign."

Major Winterfeldt, whose foolhardy conduct and thoroughly German pigheadedness thus imperilled the cause of the allies, appears to have been reticent on his share in this important incident, as it has never until now appeared in any history of the campaign, although he died recently in Hanover, a retired lieutenant-colonel, at the advanced age of ninety-four.

The second point which has been corrected in this edition refers to a subject more interesting to Englishmen, as touching the reputation of their great Captain as a strategist. It will be remembered that Wellington's line of battle at Waterloo was formed immediately in front of the wood of Soignies, covered by which it is supposed he intended to retire on Brussels in case of necessity. This determination has been a subject of much controversy—Napoleon himself being among the hostile critics—though the balance of opinion is decidedly in Wellington's favour. Less defensible has appeared his retention of 18,000 of his best troops at Hal, whose presence at Waterloo would have made "assurance doubly sure." This grave error, if not excused, is explained by a statement made by himself in 1821 to the Dutch general, Siegler,

"to whom Wellington, after his visit to the ground, declared as follows, illustrating his remarks as he spoke by a pencil sketch: 'The last hour of the battle was indeed a trying one to me. But I should not have retreated on the wood of Soignies, as Napoleon supposed, thinking that I should fall back on Brussels and the sea, but should have taken the direction to my left, that is towards Wavre, which would have given me the substantial advantage of drawing near the Prussian army.' As it would plainly have been impossible to carry off his right wing in the direc-

tion indicated, it must have been divided from him, and made a distinct retreat westward. And this possibility gives the most proper solution ever offered of his obstinacy in retaining the troops at Hal, which would have proved of real service in forming a rallying-point for the force thus to be left separated under Lord Hill."

This design is in accordance with the disposition of the British army on the field, which shows that Wellington looked for the principal attack on his right wing. As is well known, assaults were made on his right and left centres alternately, those on the latter proving most nearly successful. Had either of them been completely so, the plan of retreat on the Prussians could have been effected only by considerably the smaller half of the army; the centre and right must have fallen back on Brussels or Hal.

Altogether the explanation is only so far satisfactory as furnishing a motive for the retention of so large a force at Hal. The fact remains, as Colonel Chesney says, the one blot on Wellington's conduct on the day of Waterloo which time has not long since cleared away.

Although it is not usual to make reprints the subject of separate reviews, we have thought the two additions made to the third edition of *Waterloo Lectures* of sufficient importance to place them in detail before our readers. Neither industry nor chance is likely to add any more facts throwing light on the history of the "Three Days' campaign;" and we may safely predict that the book, in its present form, will take a foremost place among the classics of military history.

In Berlin it has been honoured with an official translation by the War Department. In Paris, on the other hand, a French translation was making it too popular among military readers to suit the Imperial Government, ever jealous of attacks on the "Légende Napoléonienne." A rival *Waterloo Lectures* of very different tendency was therefore published, an exact reproduction of Colonel Chesney's book in everything but the text. For the discovery of this curious instance of paternal government we are indebted to the *Saturday Review*. O. ST. JOHN.

THE HEREFORD "MAPPA MUNDI."

Mediaeval Geography; an Essay in illustration of the Hereford Mappa Mundi. By the Rev. W. L. Bevan and the Rev. H. W. Phillott. (London: E. Stanford, 1874.)

THE expression "Mediaeval Geography" as used with reference to maps made in Europe in the Middle Ages, covers a range of time in which the instruction conveyed was by no means so unprogressive as the term might seem to imply. If the Middle Ages were the "dark ages," of which the fifteenth century has been rightly named the last, we at least can trace in the cartography of the two last centuries of that so-called "dark" period an amount of light far in excess of that which was visible up to the close of the thirteenth century. Indeed, one might almost say that the commencement of the fourteenth century constituted the turning point between the geography of superstition and the geography of progress. The grand map in Hereford Cathedral, which has been

recently reproduced in lithography with great care, is one of the most remarkable examples of the former class. Had Prince Henry the Navigator (born 1394, died 1460), when he addressed himself with so much zealous perseverance to the acquirement of all the attainable geographical knowledge of his day, and to its development by persistent explorations at sea, been limited to the information that could be culled from the Hereford map, it is to be feared that the grand result of the discovery of half the world within the range of one century would never have been realised. But to each century its own honour. We have to accept facts as we find them. Those important explorations by sea and land which commenced in the same half-century in which the Hereford map was made (1250 to 1300), and which supplied the new geography which fired the enthusiasm of Prince Henry, were not yet brought within the ken of the English map-maker. From Carpini, Ruysbroeck, and Marco Polo, &c., in the East, from the Venetian voyages to Flanders and the Genoese Atlantic explorations in the West, we derive such maps as the anonymous one in the Laurentian Library at Florence of the date of 1351, that of the Venetian brothers Pizzigani at Parma of 1367, and the famous Catalan map of 1375; and by the light of these fourteenth century maps, anterior though they were to the great discoveries of the Portuguese, we are enabled, even at the present day, to rectify errors and establish truths in the history of discovery—an advantage which we shall never derive from the Hereford map. The latter is, nevertheless, the most magnificent specimen we possess of the class to which it belongs, and, as a mediaeval map, is second only in splendour of execution to that grandest of all cartographic productions, the *Mappa Mundi* made at Venice in 1457-59, at the instance of Prince Henry the Navigator, and at the expense of his uncle Alfonso V., by Fra Mauro, of the Camaldolese Convent of San Michele de Murano. On account of the beauty and excellence of this map, a medal was struck by the Republic in honour of the author, on which he was described as "Cosmographus incomparabilis." The Hereford map, though not so large as the Venetian one, which is more than seven feet square, is remarkable for being drawn on one single skin of vellum sixty-five inches long by fifty-three. The name of the author is given in the following Norman-French inscription at the corner of the map:—

"Tuz ki cest estoire ont
Ou oyront ou lirront ou veront
Prient a Jhesu en deyte
De Richard de Haldingham e de Lafford eyt pite
Ki lat fet e compasse
Ki joie en cel li seit done."

There being no date on the map, this inscription is very valuable, not only in helping us to the personality of the author (who from his habiliments and the accompaniments of the chase, appears to have been a right merry priest), but to the approximate period of the execution of the work. The recently published facsimile, for which we are indebted to the Rev. Canon F. T. Havergal, of Hereford, is accompanied by an octavo

volume in illustration of the map, by the Rev. W. L. Bevan and the Rev. H. W. Phillott. These gentlemen have spared no pains to track the details of the author's biography as far as possible, and we shall presently see how importantly their researches bear upon the much-disputed question of the date. So diverse have been the opinions on that subject, that the two extremes cover the range of an entire century. The Polish geographer, Joachim Lelewel, assigned to the map a date as early as 1220; while the distinguished French geographer, M. d'Avezac, conjectures for it the year 1314, which he founds upon the observation of an inscription on the map "Terminus Franciaet Burgundiae," which, commencing near Paris, stretches across the Saone and the Rhone to the line of the Alps, leaving Lugdunum (Lyons) on the left hand, and Vienna (Vienne) on the right hand, each at some distance from the inscription. M. d'Avezac considers that the inscription bears especial reference to these two towns and to the political separation of Flanders from France; and as the year 1314 was signalled by the march of the King of France against the Count of Flanders, he selects that year as the most probable for the execution of the map. Any opinion of M. d'Avezac's must always be received with great respect, and, considered individually, the observation is ingenious, and the argument reasonable. Mr. Bevan, however, with all becoming deference to the suggestion of the venerable and honoured Membre de l'Institut, adduces reasons to the contrary which certainly lie closer to the individual history of the map itself, and as far as high probability can be accepted as argument, appear all but conclusive. Mr. Bevan points out that the inscription pointed to covers so much space that it is difficult to define the precise locality to which it refers, and that there is nothing to show that the word "Flandria" on the map implies political separation, or anything more than a territorial designation.

Now, in the above-quoted legend we have seen that the author styles himself Richard de Haldingham and de Lafford. Lafford is an old form for Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, in which parish is also the hamlet of Haldingham. Lafford is still the title of a prebendal stall in Lincoln Cathedral, which previous to 1283 was held by one Richard de Bello, who is found to have been treasurer in Lincoln Cathedral apparently between 1250 and 1260. In 1276 he still held this post. The vicarage of Lafford was founded when Richard de Bello was prebendary, and it was in his capacity of patron that he presented Henry of Swinderby to the living. The contemporary ecclesiastical documents style him "De Lafford." Hence we have the individuality of the author established. Now for the date of the work.

Richard de Bello resigned his prebend in 1283, and his connexion with Hereford Cathedral did not commence until 1305, when he was appointed to the prebend of Norton. Now it is obvious that if he had drawn the map while at Hereford, he would have called himself "De Norton;" if in the interval between his resignation of the one prebend and acceptance of the other, he would have called himself "De Bello;" but

as he calls himself "De Haldingham and De Lafford," there is no room for doubt that it was while he was yet at Lincoln; and when we turn to the map, and find that Lincoln is represented by a magnificent edifice, and Hereford by a meagre outline, we have a confirmation of this conclusion which few will not readily admit. After well weighing all the evidence, Mr. Bevan places the date at about 1275. As to the contents of the map, we have already spoken of what they are not; we will now say something of what they are. The "Mappe Monde" is, in fact, a rough indication of the respective positions of the different countries of the world and their leading geographical characteristics, with an intermingling of numerous legends and representations of various animals and varieties of the human race according to the fanciful notions of the Middle Ages. In this respect it resembles, in some degree, the narrative of Marco Polo, and would form an admirable subject for illustration by Colonel Yule, whose vast learning, both oriental and European, has made his recent edition of the Venetian's story an honour to this country, and one of the noblest productions of the present century. Right well also have the present editors fulfilled their task. With faithful clearness they have indicated the sources from which De Bello derived his materials for each portion of his work, and that the reader might not be left in darkness respecting those sources, he is supplied in the "Introduction" with brief notices of all the ancient authorities from Pliny downwards, even to the mediæval geographical writers. The Introduction also contains a short but admirable dissertation on the Arab and Latin schools of geography, on the form and divisions of the world in mediæval maps, and on their usual contents, which are divided into biblical, classical, legendary and contemporaneous. In addition to these is given a list, with separate notices, of all the mediæval Mappæ Mundi existing in this country, and it is a very rich and highly interesting one. Indeed, so well have the editors acquitted themselves of their task, that their octavo volume might fairly be called, within its limits, a Manual of Mediæval Geography. As valuable accessories to the work, a miniature photograph facsimile of the Hereford map is given as a frontispiece; a photograph of a contemporaneous map in a Psalter in the library of the British Museum; and a photograph facsimile of a portion of the Hereford map of the full size of the original.

The geography of the map is derived mainly from Pliny, either direct or from his epitomists, Solinus and Marcian Capella, from Orosius, from Isidore of Seville, and from Priscian. These authorities are specified on the document itself, but the editors have detected the influence of the *Antonini Itinerarium* in the topography of Northern Africa, the derivation of the legend of the Seven Sleepers from Paulus Diaconus, the description of Constantinople from William of Malmesbury and a variety of subjects from the Alexandrian Romance. The author appears also to have had at hand a *Bestiary* and a *Herbarium* to supply him with materials for the natural history. Jerusalem,

in accordance with the ecclesiastical geography of the time, is made the centre of the map, which, as it forces the whole habitable globe within the compass of a circle, squeezes lands and seas into spaces by no means adapted to their natural proportions. The upper portion of the map is devoted to Asia, and the lower, divided into two parts by the Mediterranean, contains Europe and Africa, the former having the larger share. The whole is surrounded by the Ocean after the Homeric fashion. Under these conditions, the reader will readily endorse the editors' remark, that "viewed in a strictly geographical aspect, as a representation of the world at the time of its execution, the map would not repay any one for the time spent in its study." It is in truth not a subject so much for the geographer as for the antiquary.

Type, as the Hereford Mappa Mundi, however, is of the unscientific geography of its time, and presenting (to use its own words) an "Estoire" or history of what was then known, we are glad to remark that among its numerous ecclesiastical legends there is no appearance in its Ireland of the story that that island was indebted to St. Patrick for its exemption from snakes and vermin. This may be accounted for by the fact that the author had before him, as an authority, Solinus, who lived two hundred years before St. Patrick went over to Ireland, and who distinctly states that "Ireland has no snakes." Of the pictorial, as distinguished from the legendary myths of the map, the most conspicuous are: the "arbre sec" or dry tree, in the neighbourhood of Paradise, on the confines of India, doubtless derived by the author from the Alexandrian Romance, although in truth the legend is composed of more than one story. It appears to be the Chinar or Oriental plane. Between the Hydaspes and the Indus are two birds with the inscription "Avalerion, par in mundo." The old bestiary books tell us that the alerion is a bird larger than an eagle, of which there is but one pair in the world. They live sixty years and then lay two eggs, after the hatching of which they fly to the sea and drown themselves, the young ones being nursed by other birds till they can fly. Beyond the Indian Caucasus, or Hindoo Koosh, we find a figure screening himself from the sun with his own foot, a story derived by Pliny from Ctesias, who wrote in the fifth century. Another marvel of creation derived from Ctesias is the monoceros or unicorn, an animal which probably derived its existence in story from loose descriptions of the rhinoceros, the more modern form having arisen from the planting of a narwhal's tooth on the forehead of a beast like an antelope, the final result being derived from descriptions varying from time to time. But those who wish to amuse themselves with these curious myths must get the map and study them at leisure.

On the ornamental border of this map is a Latin legend which tells us that "the world began to be measured by Julius Cesar: the whole of the East was measured by Nicodorus; the North and West by Theodotus; the South by Policlitus;" and the Emperor on his throne is represented as

giving his written orders to these commissioners. The reference would seem to be (with allowance for a mistake in the Emperor's name) to the survey ordered by the Emperor Augustus in connexion with the census alluded to in Luke ii. 1. The space at the top of the map is filled up with an elaborate representation of the Day of Judgment, and the letters MORS are placed respectively at the four angles of the world, as if to show the transitoriness of all the great objects which the map depicts.

Imperfect copies of this map have been made before. There is one in the Map Room of the Royal Geographical Society, and from this a copy was made in 1841 for the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris; from this again an uncoloured facsimile was introduced by M. Jomard in his *Monuments de la Géographie* (Paris, 1855). But Mr. Havergal need take no shame to himself that he has been anticipated by these. A perfect facsimile made in 1872 is worth a vast deal more than an imperfect one made forty years before; and, if we pass from the map to the illustrative essay, we feel bound to say that it does the greatest honour to the learning, the clear-sightedness, and the conscientiousness of its authors. None but those who have had experience in similar tasks can well conceive the amount of toil which such an *improbis labor* must have cost them.

R. H. MAJOR.

A Fragment of the History of Austria under Ferdinand I., 1519-1522: a Picture of the Party Struggles in the Diets, from Original Sources. By Professor Victor von Krauss. With an Appendix containing Letters and State Papers of that Period. (Vienna: Alfred Hölder, 1873.)

PROFESSOR V. VON KRAUSS published as early as 1871 a contribution to the History of Ferdinand I., entitled *English Diplomacy in the year 1527*. In this work, he gives an account of the embassy sent by the brother of Charles V. to Henry VIII. for the purpose of inducing that monarch to side with him in the struggle for supremacy in Hungary, to explain the causes of the attack threatened by Turkey, and above all to gain a promise of subsidies. In this last product of his remarkable industry, Victor von Krauss touches upon another section of the history of the same prince, a section that concerns important territorial questions, rather than questions of European interest. The subject before us is a narrative of the singularly violent opposition made by the Austrian Estates to the Archdukes Charles and Ferdinand after the death of their grandfather Maximilian, the struggle which resulted from this opposition, and the final triumph of the Archduke Ferdinand.

As far back as in the time of Maximilian, the cry for a change in the form of government, for improvement in the administration, for reform in the departments of law and of finance, and for the dismissal of unpopular counsellors had grown more and more clamorous in the hereditary states of the house of Habsburg. Shortly before the end of his life extensive concessions had been obtained, but his death rendered the realisation of these very doubtful. One clause of

his will decreed that until the arrival of the new rulers the hereditary provinces should submit themselves to the existing government. Indeed, in its earlier form, this clause conceded to the executors of the will the right of making such changes in the government as should approve themselves to their judgment. This called forth the opposition of the Estates. The united representatives of all the provinces: Austria above and below the Enns, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, demanded that the new rulers should first bind themselves by oath to confirm their liberties and privileges, maintaining that until this was done they owed no allegiance to them. The Diet of each province appointed a kind of provisional government. Assurances of loyalty towards the new sovereigns were accompanied by attacks on the crown estates, and a plan was mooted for a common government for all the provinces together, which should be entirely under the influence of the Estates. In this movement Vienna took the lead. At its head stood Martin Siebenbürger, a veteran in the struggle against the former government, an experienced lawyer, and a passionate enthusiast. A constitution greatly in favour of the provincial diets was drawn up and adopted, possession was taken of the Kammergut, the crown dues, the government records, and a new coinage was even issued, of which specimens are still extant.

Through the influence of the towns, the movement acquired a more radical tone in Vienna, and indeed throughout Austria below the Enns, than in the remaining provinces. While therefore these latter, as well as Tyrol, which had joined the opposition, came to an amicable settlement with the Archduke, the movement in the former had a tragic issue.

The great embassy which the deputies of Lower Austria sent to Spain gave occasion to the ambassadors of Austria Proper—among them the bold and eloquent Siebenbürger—to make a much more determined stand than their colleagues. After a while, open contention soon broke out between the Radicals and the more moderate party. When Charles V., in his own and his brother's name, delegated to the Imperial Court of Regency at Augsburg the administration of the patrimonial estates of Austria, and its Commissioners summoned these provinces, without further ceremony, to pay homage, obedience was rendered by Carinthia, Styria, and Carniola, and even by Austria above the Enns, which yielded without demanding a previous ratification of its privileges. In Austria below the Enns universal resistance was threatened, until a cautiously calculating policy everywhere succeeded in superseding the party of action, of which Siebenbürger was the soul, and in severing and entirely isolating it from the Estates. To give details here would lead us too far. At length Vienna—where, at the end of 1520, Siebenbürger had been elected burgomaster, as a demonstration against the Archduke—stood quite alone.

Archduke Ferdinand, in whose favour Charles V. had, in April, 1521, abdicated his rights to his hereditary possessions in Germany, determined to punish his opponents. He instituted a court, composed for the

greater part of foreigners and of persons who had no connexion with the provinces, to judge between the former government and those who had risen against it and had adopted the Constitution (Landesordnung) of 1519. Judgment was given against the latter; the original promoters of the rebellion were cruelly executed, Siebenbürger among them. One only was exiled.

Thus the principle of the liberty of the States, not altogether undeservedly, fell before the principle of territorial lordship. The occurrences are skilfully narrated by the author, who has carefully collected his materials from eight archives, more especially from those of Vienna, Gratz, Krems, and the manuscripts in the Court Library of Vienna. The value of the work is enhanced by a criticism of the sources and collateral contributions which throw light on the period in question, as well as by other supplementary additions based, for the greater part, on the Government records.

While I point out a trifling error in the note on p. 12, a transcription from the *History of Ferdinand the First* (i., p. 480), by Bucholtz, viz., that "Georg Pleischer" should doubtless stand as Georg or "Gregor Reysch" (Bucholtz i., p. 165, has the further variation "Jörg Fleischer"), I would conclude with the wish that Professor von Krauss may yet enrich us with a history of Ferdinand I. that shall supersede the unreadable compilation of Bucholtz.

ALFRED STERN.

Old and New London: a Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places. By Walter Thornbury. Illustrated with numerous Engravings from the most authentic Sources. Vol. I. (London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.)

OF the numerous books which Mr. Thornbury has produced during the last twenty years this is about the best. It has very considerable merits. It forms a handsome and attractive volume, it is well got-up, it is liberally illustrated, and is a marvel of cheapness. It is written in a lively and readable style, and is a perfect storehouse of anecdotes, for the most part well-chosen and very fairly told.

But while we gladly bestow this measure of approval, we are bound to add that the book has very serious faults. It deals as largely with gossip as with history. The authentic and the unauthentic are mingled together without any note of difference. Occasionally the statements are in accordance with the most modern historic lights—more often they belong to the historic schools represented by Goldsmith's History and the Waverley Novels. Thus Mr. Thornbury designates Cassivelaunus as "King of Hertfordshire and Middlesex," and supposes that there was a period in English history "when Norman barons were not unaccustomed to pull out a Jew's teeth, or to fry him on gridirons, till he had paid handsomely for his release" (p. 761).

Even when the author comes across a fact of real significance, he does not always seem to appreciate its importance. Thus, in the reign of Edward IV., the Lord Mayor ordered two men who had struck him, to be

beheaded. Mr. Thornbury duly chronicles the fact, but he does not apparently perceive that, in the penalty of treason thus summarily inflicted for an offence against the person of the Mayor, he has lighted on a curious exercise of the *jura regalia* which were formerly possessed by the Free Cities of Europe; rights which, in the case of Hamburg or Bremen, were developed into full and complete independence of the overlord, while in the case of London they gradually gave way before the paramount power of the Crown, leaving however, even at the present day, one or two curious survivals, such as the right possessed by the citizens to elect their own sheriffs; or the custom which compels the Sovereign, when he visits the City, to knock at the closed gates and ask for admission, as a matter of favour rather than of right.

Almost every historical personage who is mentioned in Mr. Thornbury's pages is labelled with a descriptive adjective. This practice would be less offensive than it is, if these brief estimates of character possessed any real biographic value, instead of merely reflecting a somewhat Philistine view of English history. Thus, Henry VIII. is either "the bluff king," or else "that Ahab of England." We have of course "the good Ridley," "gloomy Queen Mary," and "the child King" who preceded her. Wolsey is either "the proud favourite" or "proud and portly." Theodore Hook is in turn the "greedy hireling," or "the witty and the heartless;" while the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends* is pilloried as "the un-reverend Mr. Barham." Sometimes in the course of a few pages Mr. Thornbury altogether reverses his historical estimates. Thus, on p. 74 we have "poor persecuted Queen Caroline," and a few pages further on she becomes "that questionable martyr." But Mr. Thornbury's facts as well as his opinions develop with the progress of the work. When, as is occasionally the case, the same story is inadvertently told more than once, a ready test is afforded of the author's habitual accuracy. Thus at p. 74 Theodore Hook is invested with the "Consulship of the Mauritius," and his debt to the Crown is only 12,000*l.*, while at p. 110 he is promoted, very properly, to "the Treasurership of the Mauritius," and his defalcation has increased to the sum of 15,000*l.*

A topographical and historical work pretending to any authority demands, we will not say a copious citation of authorities, but at all events some sort of indication of the sources from which the accounts are derived. It is here that we have the gravest fault to find with Mr. Thornbury. Whole pages are transferred bodily from nameless writers. In one place we find an entire column, as to which the inverted commas in which it is included form the only indication that it is a quotation. Elsewhere we have long quotations from "a writer who was present," or from the works of "an eye-witness." We have two columns about Heralds' College, which are included in inverted commas, prefixed by the vague acknowledgment "we are told;" and, still worse, we have six or seven columns about Hazlitt, extracted from the works of "a contemporaneous writer,

of whose labours we gratefully avail ourselves."

But when Mr. Thornbury does condescend to name his authorities, the result is usually so unsatisfactory as fully to justify his customary reticence. *Pickwick*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Henrietta Temple* are laid under contribution. Other authorities cited are nearly as worthless. Judging from the evidence which Mr. Thornbury himself supplies, the book has been chiefly compiled from second-hand authorities, and even these seldom belong to the first class. Thus the details as to the periodical press are mainly taken from the notorious work of Mr. Grant, those relating to law and medicine from Mr. Jeaffreson, while even the writings of Mr. Sala are not deemed unworthy of lavish quotation. It is only fair, however, to add that we get occasionally as far as Mr. Timbs, Mr. Noble, Mr. Francis, and even Mr. Riley, and on one memorable page we have "a very admirable passage from Mr. Freeman."

This singular combination of the authentic and the unauthentic which characterises the text is faithfully reflected in the woodcuts. The title-page asserts that the numerous engravings are taken "from the most authentic sources." This description applies fairly to a portion of the woodcuts. Some are in every way admirable—there are many more of which the less said the better. On the one hand, we have excellent copies of some of the best extant portraits of historical characters, we have topographic sketches of buildings and antiquities, carefully drawn and capitally engraved, as well as a large number of well-selected and most appropriate reproductions of old prints. Interspersed with these excellent woodcuts, which merit all praise, we find numerous sensational "illustrations" of executions, riots, processions, tea-parties, and interviews between celebrated characters. These "illustrations" have evidently been evolved out of the internal consciousness of some anonymous modern designer, and are only to be distinguished from the engravings of a more authentic order by the internal consciousness of the hapless reader.

Owing to these causes, a great work, which has evidently been produced at a very large expenditure of capital and labour, and which might usefully have filled a real gap in our literature, is rendered nearly useless for library purposes, and cannot be referred to with any confidence or safety.

The absence of a date on the title-page seems to indicate that the book, with all its faults, has already been stereotyped. If this should not be the case, we advise Mr. Thornbury to take counsel with some friend who possesses the historic instinct and the requisite knowledge, and then with some trouble and a little good advice he may make a second edition into a really valuable and standard work.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

Hours in a Library. By Leslie Stephen. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1874.)

IN an unpleasant sketch of Balzac's there occurs a rather amusing parody of the manner of Ste. Beuve. Nathan is supposed to have related some impertinent *mot* of a character whom he is describing, and he

goes on to criticise it thus: "I scarcely think the Greeks and Romans were acquainted with this kind of wit; Plato, perhaps, if one looks very closely, may have come near it, on the grave and musical side." Mr. Leslie Stephen's collected essays are in strong contrast to this sort of dilettanteism, which is growing too common in English literature. There are three contemporary schools, all with their value, but all with the faults of their qualities. There is the school of M. Taine, who only needs a slight acquaintance with the climate, and productions, and history of a country, to dash off a series of formulae showing that this or that painter or poet was the necessary result of the conditions. Then there is the school of M. Paul de S. Victor, who uses his subject as the ground of the most brilliant broiery, and produces effects so dazzling that, as Lamartine said, he needs to be studied through blue spectacles. Lastly, there is the school which, in Mr. Stephen's own words, "is never satisfied with its frame of mind, till it has lashed itself into a fit of rhetoric," or has dreamed itself into a hazy reverie. It looks at all things as the author of *Alice in Wonderland* advises the young poet to do, "with a kind of mental squint," which produces remarkable and gorgeous, but not very satisfactory visions. The reader feels that he has been led to see things as they are not, rather than things as they are. Now, it is Mr. Stephen's merit that he has written an amusing and instructive volume of studies, without leaning to the manner of any of these three sects of critics. With regard to the school of history and evolution, he remarks, "We have not yet learnt how to breed poets, though we have made some progress in regard to pigs." Nor is he much more confident as to the results of analysis: "the effort to investigate the materials from which some rare literary flavour is extracted is seldom satisfactory." Mr. Stephen does make the effort, in the case of Hawthorne, showing how the mystic and morbid part of his genius looks like an inheritance from the fears and fancies of Cotton Mather's time, and the witch panic at Salem; and how, again, the common-sense of his Puritan ancestry keeps him always on firm ground, and prevents him from obtruding his ghosts forcibly, or expelling them decisively. The result is that they wander in a world of doubt, as ghosts ought to do, and the sceptic can always explain them away into "the rats," or "the wind;" while the credulous can hold them to be genuine, and say, like Bartholo in *Figaro*, "Il n'y a point de vent dans le monde." But it is rare that Mr. Stephen is so subtle as this, and it is a thing to remark that he avoids the use of the words "subtle," "delicate," "precious," "sweet," "blithe," and "accomplished," these notes of macabre criticism.

These essays have many of the charms of interesting conversation, and the reader seems to be holding a continual dialogue with the author. Views are stated just as they occur to the writer's mind, without any effort at saying something fine or startling. There is a tendency to contradict notions that are fashionable, and it would not be very difficult, perhaps,

to find out a few of the things that Mr. Stephen would denounce if he yielded to the temptation of indicating some of the probable objects of Pope's antipathy. Thus there is a practical air about the essays, an alert interest, and a disposition to shun refining on things, which give them a freshness and a life that one misses in much more studied compositions. They deal, for the most part, with English literature—some of it literature that is sinking into the sere estate of Charles Lamb's "books that are no books." Such are the novels of De Foe and Richardson, which Mr. Stephen thinks have "fallen so dark to us," as Mr. Carlyle would say, because they were written when the English novel was in its infancy, and the laws of the game were scarcely settled. De Foe had to give verisimilitude by a painful process of accumulating details, and the leisure of quiet times did not object to the *longueurs* of Richardson. The details, the moral prosing, the enormous slow length *do* bore us now, and probably Mr. Stephen's extracts will be novelties to the majority of his readers. One feels inclined to differ from him where he says that "Mr. Veal makes rather a better point" (against Mrs. Veal's ghost) "by stating that a certain purse of gold mentioned by the ghost was found, not in the cabinet where she told Mrs. Bargrave that she had placed it, but in a comb-box." Now, this is in our opinion a piece of verisimilitude worthy of Meinhold, for the mistake is just the sort of lax blunder that ghosts and planchettes invariably do make. They come very near the mark, and drift off into some absurd error.

In the same way, when Mr. Stephen thinks that "remorse does not embody itself in these recondit and, one may almost say, over-ingenious fancies" that haunted Hawthorne's Mr. Dimmesdale, we are tempted to say of the critic what Bunyan said of the aged Christian who failed to console him when he thought he had committed the unpardonable sin, "I found him a stranger to much conflict with the devil." De Foe and Hawthorne seem to have been no strangers to any variety of vulgar superstition or insane self-deception. Again, Mr. Stephen notices, as a proof of the want of the passionate element in De Foe's novels, the singular calmness with which he describes his villains. Thus Roxana's "moral tone is all that can be desired," and indeed all the bad characters speak "like virtuous persons, who have unluckily backed the losing side." But surely this is a note of the real dying confession of the English ruffian. Students of these documents must have observed their business-like tone, the speakers always tracing their evil courses to one fall from virtue, after which they quite steadily took up the opposite line of conduct.

It is the pleasantest quality of Mr. Stephen's book, that it tempts the reader into almost conversational digressions. But one might notice many criticisms of a different value, such as that on Richardson, and his influence on the sentiment of France. "Clarissa doubtless transmigrated into the heroine of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, dropping some of her insular prejudices on the way." "Richardson in fact, though the good orthodox little man had no suspi-

cion of his own tendencies, was encouraging a sickly and ominous tone of thought. The temporary eclipse of the priest, the natural spiritual guide of feminine natures, gave a chance to such lay preachers to enjoy a homage not altogether healthy to those who rendered or to those who received it." The last pages of the criticism on Richardson contain a life-like picture of the illustrious printer, and an explanation of his influence over De Musset, Balzac, and George Sand. The essay furnishes indolent people, if any essay can, with a sufficient notion of Richardson to satisfy their literary conscience for neglecting the long and dreary pilgrimage to the tomb of Clarissa Harlowe.

The essay on Pope as a moralist is mainly interesting as showing how we have wandered in our notions of poetry from the notions of Queen Anne's time. Pope, with his artificial jingle, was supposed by Dr. Johnson to have reached the bounds of musical expression. As a poet his one serious claim was his enthusiasm for the harmonious and orderly beauty of righteousness. We now expect to have the bizarre beauty of passion expressed in the melodious lapses of lyrics, or delight to watch the long processions that rise and pass before us to the music of "the idle singer of an empty day." Colour and grace seem to be divorced from noble action and passionate morality in our modern poetry. We have to go back to Greece to find these conjoined. It is scarcely possible, perhaps, to make the nineteenth century delight in Pope, but Mr. Stephen has succeeded in proving that he was a poet, *pius vates et Phoebæ digna locutus*.

In his essay on Scott, written apparently among the depressing festivities of the Scott centenary, Mr. Stephen keeps a happy balance between love of the novelist's character as a man, and regretful doubt as to the permanence of his work. But an untrue impression is conveyed when it is said that Scott's career was summed up in the phrase that "it was writing novels to buy farms with." Mr. Carlyle, when he said that, should have remembered that there are different motives for buying farms. Scott did not want them for the same reason as the Northern farmer did. He had a romantic love for the land, a romantic desire to found a new great house in the clan of Scott,—that was why he was so anxious to sign himself "Abbotsford and Kaeside." But it is hard for countrymen of "the sheriff," hard for anyone who merely recollects, for example, the tenour of Scott's conduct to Byron, to criticise his art. It is like peeping and botanising on a beloved grave, or finding fault with the commercial incapacity of Colonel Newcome.

If there is an essay in Mr. Stephen's collection which makes one miss a touch of the enigmatical and subtle school, it is that on Balzac. "It is not ordinary daylight which illuminates Balzac's dreamland, but some fantastic combination of Parisian lamps, which tinges all the actors with an unearthly glare, and distorts their features into extravagant forms." They live in the luminous shadow which Paris radiates from itself, the unholy living light of Baudelaire's *Rêve Parisien*.

They resemble, as M. de Pont-Martin says, the flora of some colossal hot-house, fashioned to shelter a foreign and fantastic vegetation, where all manner of exotics live together, till the visitor might forget that in the open air they would fall to pieces in an hour. In this palace of fancy it is not enough to be merely straightforward and clear-sighted, the critic should be infected with the fever of the master. That is why Mr. Stephen is not the best possible guide to the study of Balzac. He is much more satisfactory in his account of De Quincey, though we must protest that there is humour in the account of the combat between the Baker and the Amateur. It is humour of the *Bell's Life* variety, perhaps; but, then, what is so English as *Bell's Life*? Perhaps Mr. Stephen would say that such a notion of comedy is scarcely so much English, as a fruit of that mysterious quality of John Bullism discovered by Hawthorne. One may take leave of his essays in saying that they are delightful in themselves, and useful as a tacit protest against the false tendencies of a clever and ingenious school of criticism.

A. LIANG.

History of the Royal Artillery compiled from the Original Records. By Major Francis Duncan, R.A. Second Edition. (London: John Murray, 1874.) If any one has been disposed to cavil at the propriety of devoting to the services of a single portion of our army two volumes so ponderous and so well-filled as these, the answer is best supplied by the fact of a speedy demand for a second edition, which is now before us. We may fairly congratulate the author on this reception of his labours, as proving that they are appreciated beyond the immediate *clientèle* to which he specially addressed himself; nor less on the careful use he has made of his new opportunity in embodying the numerous corrections and additions which the circulation of the first edition had brought him. It can never be possible to give to a work which starts with so limited a subject as the acts of a single branch of an army, that sort of epic interest which great military historians know how to combine with sound narrative. The conditions are obviously fatal to this. In the particular instance before us, it is plain that a history of the Royal Artillery from the time that it first became an important element in our land forces early in the last century, would, if completely written, be nothing less than a history of our wars during this period. On the other hand, it would be fatal to all interest if the compiler of such a narrative confined himself entirely to describing the various steps taken from time to time to augment or diminish the regiment. To carry out his task creditably, he must steer carefully between thus making his work a mere abstract of War Office records, or enlarging it until it gets beyond the scope of the class for whom it is specially designed. Portions of general history, or of memoirs, must be judiciously selected and used liberally enough to win ordinary readers, without obscuring the real design of the work, which is to show the gradual process by which the arm we are now familiar with has grown to be the finished instrument it is. It is high praise, and yet it is mere justice to Major Duncan, to say that no author who has taken up such a task has performed it so successfully. Works of the kind, indeed, are seldom readable to those not personally interested. His is not only really pleasant reading, but in portions will be found to offer valuable contributions to history. There is a remarkable instance of this in his narrative of the battle of Minden; for the splendid services done there by our small contingent of infantry have hitherto caused the hardly less

honourable conduct of the Royal Artillery to be ignored. Many others might be cited; but we prefer to send our readers to the work itself, where they will find Major Duncan's industry as a collector of historical fragments is fully displayed; nor less so his good judgment in selecting from his heap of material. His honesty especially commends itself at such points as the note (vol. ii., p. 8), which gives the authority of Sir David Wood for the assertion that "much that is good in the care of the horses of the Royal Artillery in the field comes traditionally from the horse artillery attached to the German hussars in the Peninsula." Our professional military writers are not often thus clear in their acknowledgments of obligation to their German prototypes, though our army has been more or less modelled on the Prussian ever since the Seven Years' War. It would be untruthful, indeed, to pronounce Major Duncan's a perfect work. The inequality of both style and matter will strike even a careless reader, after the somewhat grandiose promise of the preface. The gallant author is hardly aware of what constitutes genuine authority for opinion, when he quotes at one point an invaluable old order or memoir, at another a passage from a recent occasional paper, written only for Woolwich eyes. As to his views on the organization of his own arm, it is enough to say that to him it appears the best possible of artilleries for all possible purposes. He affords, indeed, throughout a curiously potent example of the spirit he reproves at vol. i., p. 129: "It is undoubtedly a consequence of military training to produce in a man's mind more of an inclination to make the best of what is, than to suggest change and improvement." The truth is trite enough to be worthy of Martin Tupper himself; but yet it is a truth, and one freshly illustrated by our author in thorough good faith and unconsciousness. And in wishing him many more readers, we would but advise them not to follow him in his one leading error of confounding the splendid material and fine historic name of which the Royal Regiment should be proud, with the faulty and incomplete organization, in spite of which, not through which, its honours have been won. The traditions of Woolwich on this latter head are as little to be trusted as a blind man's views of colour, so great is the inclination of the knot of placemen who rule there rather "to make the best of what is" (which for them is very good indeed), "than to suggest change and improvement."

MR. O'CONNOR MORRIS tells us in the preface to his sketch of *The French Revolution and First Empire* (Longmans, 1874), that it "was intended to be a number of the 'Epochs of History,' in course of publication." But as the editor of the series considered it suited to readers more advanced in years than those for whom that series is especially designed, it now appears in a separate form.

It is evident that if a sketch such as this is suitable for anybody at all, it must be suitable for boys and girls in the higher forms of schools. No one who wished to study the period deeply would be content with so brief a sketch. The real question therefore at issue would seem to be, not whether the book is fit to be read at the age of fourteen, or the age of twenty, but whether the narrative is so given as to be attractive to those who take an interest in history, though their knowledge may not go very far. On such a point example is better than argument, and we therefore copy Mr. Morris's account of the storming of the Bastille, to serve as a specimen of his power of telling a story:—

"On the verge of the quarter of St. Antoine rose the celebrated fortress of the Bastille; and it was resolved to attack this dreaded place, the very emblem of ancient despotism, and infamous for its mysterious horrors. An armed mass poured down to the spot, and after an ineffectual attempt at a parley, the draw-bridge was passed and the inner court reached, close to the eight frowning towers of the hated dungeon.

A discharge of musketry drove the assailants back, but cannon were brought up by the late French guards, and a white flag before long was waved from the ramparts, the commandant, Delaunay, having been compelled by the garrison (alarmed or ill-disposed) to surrender. The victors rushed into the ancient den, amazed at the feat they had accomplished, and carrying out many of the arcanæ of the place—old instruments of torture and prison records; but their victory was not unstained by cruelty. The greater part, indeed, of the garrison were set free; but Delaunay and several of his men were murdered, and their heads were borne on high on pikes—the first of many subsequent scenes of the kind."

It should be added that Mr. O'Connor Morris evidently wishes to treat all parties impartially, though his impartiality is rather that of the disinterested spectator than that which springs from the wide human sympathy which Mr. Carlyle has taught us to look for when we think of the French Revolution.

History of Booksellers. By H. Curwen. (London: Chatto & Windus.) It is somewhat late to notice Mr. Curwen's *History of Booksellers*, seeing that it was published at the beginning of the year. It belongs, however, to a class of books which are intended to live, or at least to be sold, for more than one season; and, besides, better late than never. Mr. Curwen has produced a useful and interesting compilation. The motto prefixed to it, a dictum by Carlyle that "in these days ten ordinary histories of kings and queens were well exchanged for the tenth part of one good history of booksellers," led us to expect something more ambitious than he has actually attempted. But he has clearly defined his aim in a preface, and perhaps there is no great harm in suggesting that a book with the title of his book, ably done, would be a work of great interest and value. What he has attempted is to bring together as much matter about booksellers as could be put into one volume, "to be issued in a cheap and popular form," and he may fairly be congratulated on the manner in which this task has been performed. Perhaps, instead of claiming for it the dignity of history, he should have described his work as a book about booksellers, or rather as a book about some eminent British members of "the trade;" but it would be hypercritical to insist upon this point. The apology he makes for not having written the life of every eminent bookseller, ancient or modern, is altogether unnecessary. There was no call upon him for a work so comprehensive in scope; and what he has done, besides being easily done, will suit the public much better. What he has done must be briefly described. Beginning at Rome in the time of Augustus, and taking the middle ages in his course, by a happy hop, step and jump he alights upon Jacob Tonson. Very soon he makes his way to the familiar names of Longman, Constable, and Murray, and thereafter his lives are well selected and well written. The book contains some misprints, which should at the first opportunity be corrected, especially as they chiefly occur just where misprints are most misleading—in the dates. Where a date is wrong by a hundred or hundreds of years, there is no great harm done; the error is noticeable; but it is awkward to have errors in the tens. For example, an error of this kind leads to temporary confusion between the great John Murray and his father. The notices given of some of the obscurer British publishers are interesting. So also is a chapter on provincial booksellers, though it is not so full as could be wished.

EDITOR.

NOTES AND NEWS.

LORD ACTON has in the press a collection of unpublished journals and diaries kept during the Council of Trent by bishops and officers of the Council.

THE Nation announces that Dr. Leonard Bacon's *Genesis of the New England Churches* will be published shortly by Messrs. Harper Brothers.

LORD VERULAM has given permission to the Camden Society to print the judgment delivered in the Ship Money case by Justice Croke, with autograph corrections by the judge.

It is announced that at this year's Oxford Commemoration the degree of D.C.L. *honoris causa* will be conferred on the Right Hon. Sir George Mellish, one of the Lords Justices of Appeal; Major-General Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley, K.C.B., G.C.M.G.; Sir Thomas Erskine May, K.C.B., Clerk of the House of Commons; and Victor Carus, Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Zoology in the University of Leipzig. Professor Carus is well-known to many members of the University. Some twenty years ago he acted as Dr. Acland's assistant in arranging and cataloguing the anatomical collection, then at Christ Church, now in the University Museum. He was appointed deputy-professor in the University of Edinburgh during the absence of Professor W. Thomson, and is lecturing at the present moment, with great success, at Edinburgh, before a numerous class of students.

MR. FURNIVALL has agreed to give a course of eight lectures on "The English Language and Literature from the Earliest Times to that of Chaucer," to the Ladies' Class at Oxford next October term.

In a poem headed, "To the blessed Sainct of famous memory, Elizabeth, the humble petition of her now wretched and contemptible ye Commons of England," which Mr. Morfill is now editing from an Ashmole MS. for the Ballad Society, the Virgin Queen's spirit is comforted by being assured that

"No snuffling raskall, with his horne-pipe nose,
Shall tell thy story in his ill-tun'd prose."

Other poems in the collection complain grievously of the Scotch plundering of all good English places under James I.

MR. CECIL MONRO is engaged upon an investigation of the Chancery suits with respect to which Lord Bacon was charged with bribery. As the late Registrar of the Court of Chancery, Mr. Monro possesses a professional familiarity with the documents, which contain the evidence which has been wanting to previous inquirers.

On the subject of Shelley's *Refutation of Deism*, mentioned in our last, Mr. W. M. Rossetti writes that there are only two speakers in this dialogue, Eusebes and Theosophus. Eusebes knows Theosophus to be a Deist, a believer in a God on the basis of natural religion, and he wants to make him a Christian as well. He argues that a God cannot be proved from the evidence of nature, but only from revelation; therefore, a man who is not a Christian has no final refuge save atheism. Theosophus strenuously impugns the religious faith of which the Old and New Testaments are the documents; but, being hard pressed by the reasonings of Eusebes, and extremely alien from atheism, he concludes by promising to reflect whether or not he can accept, and add to his own natural deism, any of those doctrines which are distinctively Christian. Thus the whole tone of the argument is a little sophistical. Shelley gives you to understand that the being of a God, though not proveable from nature, may presumably be proveable from revelation; whereas his real aim is to show that revelation cannot possibly be reconciled with reason, and therefore the being of a God is not proveable at all; atheism being the right alternative to Christianity. Some portions of the *Refutation of Deism* are reproduced *verbatim* from the notes to *Queen Mab* (printed in the previous year, 1813), and other portions bear no distant relation to the same notes.

DR. GREGOROVITZ' recently published work on Lucrezia Borgia has met with such success in Germany that a new edition is already called for, and will appear in the course of the present month. The Cotta firm, which published the *History of Lucrezia Borgia*, is bringing out *The*

Life and Works of Goethe, by Karl Goedeke, a work which from the well-known reputation of the author promises to be of considerable interest, and is of the greater importance from the fact that Goethe has hitherto met with his ablest and most sympathetic biographers among foreigners specially, and not till now, as in the present instance, from compatriots of exceptional attainments.

THE Atlantic Monthly for June has a bit of autobiography by Mr. Robert Dale Owen, the scene of which is laid at Naples; a pathetic tale of the Civil War, and a rebel's rather ludicrous recollections of the same; the somewhat too painful Confessions of a Morphine-drinker; and an article devoted to the *cultus* of the Cat. *Lippincott* has some unpublished letters of Coleridge, written from 1816 to 1818, when he was living at Mr. James Gillman's. They are addressed to his publishers, and relate, among other subjects, to the republication of the *Friend*, the publication of *Zapholya*, and Coleridge's share in the projected *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana*. They are full of individual touches, and conclude with some remarks on animal magnetism, a subject which Coleridge was anxious to have fully investigated. The same magazine has an article, with pretty vignettes, on the Schuylkill Valley, near Philadelphia, on which Tom Moore bestowed such a measure of immortality as he could confer; and an interesting account of a visit to a Japanese Bonze in 1871. There does not appear to be much sacerdotalism among the bonzes as a rule, although, says the writer,

"fasting is often practised, and some of the young bonzes look as pale and spiritual as those among our own students of theology who cultivate dyspepsia as a means of grace. Indeed, there is a very pale and handsome, dark-eyed young bonze, who performs the part of warden to the tombs of the taikuns at Uyeno in Yeddo, and acts as cicerone to visitors, of whom one of a party of young missionary ladies that visited the tombs a short time ago naively remarked, 'What a splendid convert he would make!'"

THE General Congress of German Schoolmasters, which has been celebrating the twenty-first anniversary of its establishment, closed its meeting at Breslau on May 20, when it was determined that the Association should next year meet at Augsburg. The publication in the leading German journals of the proceedings has called forth some curious notices of the hereditary nature in certain families of the vocation of teaching. One of the most remarkable of the instances recorded is that of the family Kunzig, three generations of whom have, without a year's break, been employed, from 1723 to the present time, in the educational department of the State-service as schoolmasters. Such devotion to one calling seems to merit a better return than that awarded to the representative of the Kunzigs, who after forty-eight years' labour as a teacher receives only a stipend of 230 thalers annually.

THE autograph letters collected by the late Sir William Tite were sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Co., on Friday, the 5th inst. Among the most interesting and valuable lots offered, we noticed a long letter of Rabelais, in Latin, which fetched 62*l.*; three letters of Edward Gibbon, from 3*l.* to 9*l.* 10*s.*; two letters of Robert Burns, 8*l.* 8*s.* and 7*l.* 12*s.*, and the original MS. of his song "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," 25*l.*; a letter of the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I. and Charles I., 17*l.* 10*s.*; a letter of Lord Byron, speaking of his critics, 18*l.*; a holograph letter of Charles I., addressed to "My only deare sister," and dated from the Palace at Greenwich, 18*l.*; a long letter from Boswell to David Garrick, mentioning Dr. Johnson, 17*l.*; a letter of "Kitty Clive" to "My dear Popy," 11*l.*; a letter of Lord Bacon, 21*l.*; the initials of Nell Gwyn, scrawled at the foot of a letter dictated by her to an amanuensis as ignorant of spelling as herself, 28*l.*; a letter of the Duke of Wellington to John Wilson Croker, about the battle of Waterloo,

24. 15s.; two letters of William Cowper, 5l. 5s. and 7l. respectively; an unpublished letter of Voltaire, 5l. 5s.; a long letter of Jeremy Taylor on the subject of Irish affairs, 7l. 15s.; two letters of Dean Swift, 13l. 5s. and 18l. 5s.; one of Sir Richard Steele, 5l. 15s.; one of Laurence Sterne, 13l.; of Robert Southey, 7l. 7s.; one, in Italian, of Rubens, 7l.; one of Rowlandson, the caricaturist, 7l.; two of Dryden, 25l. and 17l. 10s.; one of Schiller, 17l. 10s.; one of Samuel Richardson, 4l.; one of Foote, 7l. 15s.; one of Matthew Prior, 4l. 6s.; one of William Cobbett, 9l. 5s.; two of Alexander Pope, 6l. 10s. and 11l.; one of Lord Nelson, addressed to Lady Hamilton, 5l. 5s.; two of S. T. Coleridge, 10l. and 12l.; a speech of Macaulay, evidently written out for the reporters, 12l. 10s.; a letter of David Hume, 18l. 10s.; one of Charles Lamb, 14l. 5s.; and the original Manuscript of the "Dissertation on Roast Pig," signed "Eliu," 34l.; a letter of Oliver Goldsmith to David Garrick, 60l. Perhaps the two most remarkable letters in the collection were: a holograph letter of Mary, Queen of England, to her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, which fetched 95l.; and a letter of Oliver Cromwell to Sir Edmund Bacon, giving details of some military exploits before Gainsborough, which fetched 106l. The correspondence of General Lord Ligonier with many of the celebrated men and women of the last century was bought for 26l. 10s. in one lot. Many of these autographs are said to have been purchased for the foreign market, especially America.

AN oft-told story of "old English spirit and integrity" in a female, runs somewhat in this form. Anne Clifford, countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, possessed, by failure of the main line, the great hereditary estates of the Cliffords, earls of Cumberland, and the consequent patronage of the borough of Appleby. Sir Joseph Williamson, minister and secretary of Charles II., wrote to her ladyship, suggesting a candidate for the borough. She returned the following laconic answer: "I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject: your man shan't stand.— ANNE DORSET, PEMBROKE, and MONTGOMERY." This is a very pretty story as it stands, which it seems a pity to spoil by any doubts as to its authenticity. Not being able to trace the source of it, we are unable to give a direct denial of its truth; but we print here a letter, from the undoubted original among the State papers in the Record Office, which passed between the same two persons, and leave it to others to judge of the likelihood of both letters having proceeded from the same hand:—

"Brougham Ca: the 16 of January 1667: 1668:

"S^r

"I received yo^r Letter of the 11th of this moneth, by the last Post, as alsoe my Cozen M^r John Dalston of Acronbanke, his desyres to mee, to y^e same effect, on yo^r behalfe, that I would imploy my Interest att Appleby, to procure yo^r to bee chosen Burgesse there in the place of my Cozen John Lowther lately deceased.

"I should have bin very willinge, S^r, to have done yo^r service therein, but that I had a p^r ingagem^t upon mee, both for my owne Grandchildren in y^e Southerne parts, and some of my own Kindred and Freinds in theis, w^{ch} I hope yo^r will take in good part, as a reasonable Apologie for my selfe in this Businesse.

"S^r,

"Your Assured frind

"ANNE PEMBROKE.

"To M^r Secretary Williamsonne att the Cortte att Whithall del' this."

THE copyright of Octave Feuillet's famous *Sphinx* has been secured by the *Univers illustré*, and will be published in the columns of that journal.

THE subject of the prize poem of the French Academy for 1875 is "Livingstone."

M^DLE. SIMONOWITSCH, who has been carrying on her medical studies first at Zürich, and afterwards at Bern, has just obtained the degree of

M.D. *summa cum laude* in the latter university, being the first lady student who has ever taken that degree at Bern.

MESSRS. BELL have reprinted in a convenient and portable shape, uniform with the Bohn series, Miss Strickland's *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, which originally formed part of her well-known work, the *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*. Although it is offered in a condensed form, nothing of importance or interest has been omitted. At the end of the second volume will be found a facsimile of a letter from the Countess of Lennox, the mother of Lord Darnley, to Mary, written in a tone of such affection as would imply that she at least believed in the innocence of the Queen in any participation in her son's death.

It is with great regret that we learn the death of Professor Usinger, which took place on June 1, at Bremen, whither he had gone to take part in the meeting of the Hanseatic History Association. Since the publication of his *Germano-Danish History*, in 1863, and more especially since his appointment, in 1867, to the Chair of History at the University of Kiel, few men—scarcely even Dr. Waitz himself, to whom he looked as his model and master in the art of historical research and composition—have done more than Professor Usinger to enlarge and ennoble the domain of historical inquiry. To him scholars are materially indebted for the system and order which has of late years begun to be established in reference to the arrangement, classification, and elucidation of the public State archives of Germany, while the strong patriotic bias with which, as Secretary of the Historical Society of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg, he conducted the publication of its Transactions, undoubtedly exerted a very powerful influence on the political bearing of the questions of the German nationality of those provinces. His lectures were at once the most profound and the best attended of any at Kiel, and by the death of Professor Usinger the University has lost one of its greatest ornaments, and the students one of the most original and philosophic, as well as the most eloquent, enthusiastic and genial, of their teachers.

M. DE SOUBEYRAN has been appointed Vice-President of the Historical Monuments Commission in place of the late M. Vitet.

DR. KARL RUDOLF HAGENBACH, the well-known German writer on Church History, died at Bâle, June 6th, at the age of 73. His poems enjoyed considerable popularity amongst Germans and Swiss.

THE recently issued yearly report of the Friedrichs-Werdersche Gewerbeschule (Trade School), in Berlin, contains an interesting political sketch of the reign of Richard II., written for the purpose of interpreting the alliterative poem on the deposition of that king, attributed to William Langland. This poem has already been printed three times—twice by Mr. Wright, viz., for the Camden Society, 1838, and in *Political Poems and Songs*, vol. i., p. 368; and again, in 1873, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, under the title of *Richard the Redeles*, for the Early English Text Society. Dr. Carl Ziepel, the writer of this sketch, appears only to have known the two earlier editions, and would have gained much assistance from Mr. Skeat's excellent edition. With regard to the authorship of the poem, Dr. Ziepel, whilst admitting that there are many points of resemblance between the vision of Piers the Plowman and the poem of Richard, yet finds that "after a careful perusal of the two poems, doubts will arise whether really both can have been written by the same man." The reasons brought forward to warrant these doubts can, however, hardly be considered to be conclusive: the chief one, that the author "nowhere betrays the slightest knowledge of classics, never quotes a Latin phrase, and speaks of clerks as if he did not count himself among their number," is founded on a mistake. There are no fewer than five Latin quotations in Mr.

Skeat's edition of this poem: these were omitted by Mr. Wright, as he considered them as comments inserted by the scribe, and as such did not form part of the text. In his preface to the poem, Mr. Skeat remarks, with reference to these quotations, that "these appeals to Scripture, or to the writings of 'clerks,' are exactly in Langland's usual manner, and the quotations are to be ascribed to the author, and not to the scribe." The sketch of the reign of Richard II. is worked up in a very careful manner, and the old Chronicles supply the author with many interesting facts, which exhibit the diligence with which these materials have been collected. The report is also noteworthy as evidence of the increasing attention paid to the study of English literature in Germany.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

IN the course of a few weeks, the German Imperial corvette *Gazelle*, under the command of Captain von Schleinitz, will leave Kiel with the staff of astronomers sent by the German Government to observe the transit of Venus (on December 8) on the Kerguelen Islands, in the South Indian Ocean. Another detachment of German observers will at the same time be stationed on the Auckland Islands. In the event of a failure on the part of the former portion of the staff to obtain good observations of the transit, the *Gazelle* will convey them and the other German observers to the Mauritius about the middle of December, and leave them there till the end of January, 1875, when they will enter upon a voyage to the Antarctic Seas with the special object of investigating the polar currents and other phenomena connected with the south-polar region.

THE *Times* quotes a letter from a St. Louis paper, giving an account of extensive ruins, found some miles east of Florence, on the Gila river. The principal is a parallelogram fortification, 600 ft. in width by 1,600 ft. in length. The walls, which were built of stone, have long been thrown down, and are overgrown by trees and vines. In many places the stones have disappeared beneath the surface. Within the enclosed area are the remains of a structure 200 ft. by 260 ft., constructed of roughly-hewn stones. In some places the walls remain almost perfect to a height of some 12 ft. above the surface. On the inner sides of the wall of the supposed palace there are yet perfectly distinct tracings of the image of the sun. There are two towers at the south-east and south-west corners of the great enclosure still standing, one of which is 26 ft. and the other 31 ft. high. These have evidently been much higher. A few copper implements, some small golden ornaments—one being an image of the sun with a perforation in the middle—and some stone utensils, and two rudely-carved stone vases, much like those found at Zupetaro and Copan, in Central America, are all the works of art yet discovered. The ruins are situated in a small plain, elevated nearly 200 ft. above the bed of the Gila. Just west of the walls of the fortification there is a beautiful stream of water having its source in the mountains, which crosses the plain, and by a series of cataracts falls into the Gila about two miles below. The fragments of pottery and polished stone reveal a condition of civilisation among the builders of these ruins analogous to that of the ancient Peruvian, Central American, and Mexican nations. The country in the vicinity is particularly wild and unusually desolate. No clue to the builders of this great fortified palace, with its towers and moat, has been discovered, but it would seem that this whole country was once peopled by a race having a higher grade of civilisation than is found among any of the native tribes of the later ages. But whether this race were the ancestors of the Pimos, or some extinct people, is not known. It is understood that these ruins will be thoroughly explored within the present year.

THE exhibition of Colonial products in Paris will contain an enormous nugget of gold coming

from Cayenne. At the present moment this mass of precious metal, which is in its crude state, is at the Banque de France, and it will be melted down into an ingot one day next week. It weighs 200 kilogrammes, and is worth 800,000 francs. It was sent to Paris by one of the companies working the mines discovered a few years ago in the French colony of Guayana. The quantity of gold won for some time past from these workings has, it is stated, become so considerable, that the project is seriously considered of diverting the waters of the river Oyapoch and its affluents from their present beds, in order to facilitate the extraction of the gold which there is no doubt is concealed there.

ACCORDING to the *Levant Herald* the latest letters from Colonel Gordon are written from Fashoda, a station about midway between Khartoom and Gondokoro, where he arrived on March 29. He was about to proceed the following day, and expected to arrive at Gondokoro on April 6, thus making the journey from Cairo to Gondokoro in six weeks, including eight days' stay at Khartoom, where in his position of Governor of the Upper Nile he had business to transact, including new regulations as to the future trade in ivory. He has been able to travel thus expeditiously, because, through the energy of the Egyptian governor of Khartoom, the obstruction which formerly existed in the river and impeded the passage of boats has been removed, and the Egyptian Government steamers now make the voyage from Khartoom to Gondokoro without difficulty. The *personnel* and baggage left Souakim on April 20, so that they are about two months behind the chief of the expedition.

THE same paper states that great distress was caused in Styria by the extreme severity of last winter, and now the crops are threatened with destruction by the incessant rains that have been falling for some time past. From all parts of the province the news is very alarming. Railway traffic has been almost completely stopped. On the southern railway, circulation was interrupted in two places, at Kuidberg, where the water broke down the embankments, and at Leibnitz, where the bridge of Landscha was swept away by the river. On the Bruck-Leoben line traffic became impossible, and on the Rudolphe line circulation was suspended as far as Knittelfeld. On the line of East Hungary, the trains are unable to run further than Feldbach, at which station passengers are conveyed to Fehring in boats. The lines which have suffered most are those of Graz-Köflach and Lieboch-Wies. On these railways the rock cuttings are nearly all under water, and the flood has even invaded the offices of the Company. Even at Graz, the capital of Styria, the suburbs are partially inundated, in spite of the active efforts of the municipality. From Gratvoein to Indendorf the country has been turned into one great lake. Should the rain cease quickly there may be yet a chance of saving part of the crops, but should it continue, the consequences will be most disastrous.

A GALA meeting of the Anthropological Society of Munich was held on May 23, to welcome the President, Professor Zittel, on his safe return from the Libyan desert. The members of the Munich Geographical Society participated with the Anthropologists in doing honour to the enterprising traveller; and in the course of the evening Paul Heyse addressed the meeting, and concluded a genial speech with some spirited lines, in which he drew an amusing parallel between life in Egypt and Bavaria.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London and China Telegraph*, writing from Kandy (Ceylon), says:—"The changes that have taken place in the matter of coffee cultivation within the last three years are simply marvellous. New districts formerly despised have risen up like magic. Whole country sides of primeval forest have given way to the axe of the cultivator, and districts whose only

inhabitants were the elephant, the chetah and the elk, are now flourishing plantations of coffee." The writer observes that the leaf disease, for which no cure has been discovered, has been very troublesome. "It is a fungus that attaches itself like a miniature mushroom to the lower side of the leaf of the coffee tree, and appears to extract its vitality, for the leaf withers and dies. It has now been among us for four years, and has done an incalculable amount of mischief." The long drought, which has had such a disastrous effect in India, has also unfavourably affected the Ceylon coffee crop this year.

WE learn from Dr. Zittel's letters to the *Augsburg Gazette*, that the charts now being constructed from the results yielded by Dr. Rohlf's expedition, will enrich geographical science by the acquisition of sixty corrected determinations of latitude, and twelve of longitude, for that section of the Libyan desert which is under the dominion of Egypt as far as the parallel of Charghe, and for a considerable part of the neighbouring still unannexed desert. M. Remelé, who took upwards of 200 photographic views of places in the course of the expedition, was fortunate enough to secure admirable pictures of the ancient temples of Dachel and Charghe, which will throw considerable light on the archaeological history of these buildings. Among other objects of interest M. Remelé discovered in the *débris* of the ruined temple at Dachel some splendidly preserved carvings, and plates inscribed with hieroglyphic characters, which, when deciphered by Professor Brugsch, were pronounced by that competent authority to be the ancient Egyptian name of Dachel. Some of the royal rings found in the temple of Charghe were engraved with unknown names, and were believed to belong to the time of the Roman emperors, to which period the building of the temple is probably, therefore, also to be referred.

IT is a matter of congratulation for all who propose attending the Archaeological Congress, to be held at Stockholm in the month of August, that a new, short and rapid route has been opened between Altona (Hamburg) and Gottenburg, by which the entire journey may be accomplished in twenty-five hours, with only four and a half hours' sea passage. This is a saving of nearly twelve hours on the old route, and the directors of the Royal Danish State Railway Company deserve the gratitude of travellers for the enterprise and efficiency with which they have organised this better route, and secured for the success of its permanent establishment the co-operation of the Postmaster General of Sweden.

ACCORDING to the latest accounts from Yokohama, the Japanese Government will proceed without delay to chastise the barbarian natives of the island of Formosa, for their massacre of some Lutschu islanders, and to take steps for the colonisation of the southern and most fruitful parts of the island. The possession of this region would be very important to the Japanese, as the country is densely covered with woods of the camphor tree, and is well supplied with coal-beds. The expedition is to consist of the best ships of the Japanese fleet and a force of 3,000 men. The Chinese, not to be outdone by Japanese enterprise, have built themselves several ironclads and ships of war, of which they are exceedingly proud, and which they intend to exhibit to the eyes of Europeans and Americans. Arrangements have already been made to despatch one or two of these newly-launched vessels to the Western World to astonish the barbarians and strike terror into their breasts, while they at the same time perform the peaceful mission of conveying Chinese goods to America, for the Great Exhibition to be held at Philadelphia in 1876.

THE French colonial products lately in the Vienna Exhibition have been placed with those of Algeria in a wing of the Palais d'Industrie, and a report on them has just been issued by the

Marine and Colonial Office. From a perusal of this publication, it appears that sugar, cocoa, coffee, vanilla, ebony, sandal-wood, and gums, rank among the chief exports. Particular attention has been paid to the production of vanilla in the island of Réunion, and since the exhibition of 1867 the price has risen from 32 to 200 francs per kilogramme. Black tea also bids fair to thrive there, as some specimens sent by M. de Chateauxvieux, a proprietor in the island, to the Vienna Exhibition, were ranked as equal to the finer sorts of Chinese. Ebony, which fetches no less than 250 francs per cubic mètre, abounds in some of the French colonies; and a substitute for boxwood for engraving purposes, which is getting scarcer and scarcer every day, has, it is said, been just discovered. These and other products will find a place in the forthcoming exhibition of foreign produce which will be held in connexion with the approaching Paris Geographical Congress.

A LETTER OF LAURENCE STERNE.

IN the short autobiography which Sterne left behind him, he says that at the time of his marriage his uncle Jaques and himself were upon very good terms, "for he soon got me the prebendary of York, but he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in the newspapers; though he was a party man, I was not, and detested such dirty work, thinking it beneath me. From that period he became my bitterest enemy." The events of Sterne's life previous to his emerging to fame in 1759 with his first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, are little known, and the researches of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald for the biography of Sterne which he published about ten years ago, threw but little light upon the circumstances which helped to form the character of such an eccentric writer. It is therefore, important to record that among the autograph letters recently purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum are two, written by Laurence Sterne and his uncle respectively in 1750, which have considerable literary and biographical value. We believe that this letter is the only Sterne autograph in the possession of the Museum, with the exception of the original manuscript of *The Sentimental Journey*, and it has been therefore most appropriately placed in one of the public rooms for inspection. Thanks to the courtesy of the keepers of the MS. Department, we have been allowed to make a complete transcript of it, which we print here at length. The Rev. Francis Blackburne, to whom it is addressed, will perhaps be remembered as the author of the *Confessional*, which raised a considerable ferment in its day.

"Sutton: Nov. 3, 1750.

"Dear Sir,—

"Being last Thursday at York to preach the Dean's turn, Hilyard the Bookseller who had spoke to me last week about Preaching y^r, in case you should not come y^rself told me, He had just got a Letter from you directing him to get it supplied—But with an intimation, that if I undertook it, that it might not disoblige your Friend the Precentor. If my Doing it for you in any way could possibly have endangered that, my Regard to you on all accounts is such, that you may depend upon it, no consideration whatever would have made me offer my service, nor would I upon any Invitation have accepted it. Had you incautiously press'd it upon me; And therefore that my undertaking it at all, upon Hilyards telling me he should want a Preacher, was from a knowledge, that as it could not in Reason, so it would not in Fact, give the least Handle to what you apprehended. I would not say this from bare conjecture, but known Instances, having preach'd for so many of Dr. Sternes most Intimate Friends since our Quarrel without their feeling the least marks or most Distant Intimation, that he took it unkindly. In which you will the readier believe me, from the following convincing Proof, that I have preach'd the 26th of May, the Precentor's own turn, for these two last years together (not at his Request, for we are not upon such terms) But at the Request of Mr. Berdmore whom he desired to get them taken care of, which he did, By applying Directly to

me without the least Apprehension or scruple—And If my preaching it the first year had been taken amiss, I am morally certain that Mr. Berdmore who is of a gentle and pacific Temper would not have ventured to have ask'd me to preach it for him the 2^d time, which I did without any Reserve this last summer. The Contest between us, no Doubt, has been sharp, But has not been made more so, by bringing our mutual Friends into it, who, in all things, (except Inviting us to the same Dinner) have generally bore themselves towards us, as if this Misfortune had never happend, and this, as on my side, so I am willing to suppose on his, without any alteration of our opinions of them, unless to their Honor and Advantage. I thought it my Duty to let you know, How this matter stood, to free you of any unnecessary Pain, which my preaching for you might occasion upon this score, since upon all others, I flatter myself you would be pleased, as in gen^l, it is not only more for the credit of the church, But of the Probend^y himself who is absent, to have his Place supplied by a Preb^y of the church when he can be had, rather than by Another, tho' of equal merit.

"I told you above, that I had had a conference with Hilyard upon this subject, and indeed should have said to him, most of what I have said to you. But that the Insufferableness of his Behaviour (*sic*) put it out of my Power. The Dialogue between us had something singular in it, and I think I cannot better make you amends for this irksome Letter, than by giving you a particular Acc^t of it and the manner I found myself obliged to treat him wh^{ch} By the by, I should have done with still more Roughness But that he sheltered himself under the character of y^r Plenipo: How far His Excellency exceeded his Instructions you will perceive (*sic*) I know, from the acc^t I have given of the Hint in your Letter, wh^{ch} was all the Foundation for what pass'd. I step'd into his shop, just after sermon on *All Saints*, when with an Air of much Gravity and Importance, he beckond me to follow him into an inner Room; No sooner had he shut the Dore (*sic*), But with the awful solemnity of a Premier who held a Letter de Chachet upon whose contents my Life or Liberty depended—after a minuits Pause,—He thus opens his Commission. Sir—My Friend the A. Deacon of Cleveland not caring to preach his turn, as I conjectured, has left me to provide a Preacher,—But before I can take any steps in it with Regard to you—I want first to know, Sir, upon what Footing you and Dr. Sterne are?—Upon what Footing!—Yes, Sir, how your Quarrel stands?—Whats that to you?—How our Quarrel stands! Whats that to you, you Puppy? But, Sir, Mr. Blackburn would know—Whats that to him?—But, Sir, dont be angry, I only want to know of you, whether Dr. Sterne will not be displeased in case you should preach—Go look; I've just now been preaching and you could not have fitter opportunity to be satisfied.—I hope, Mr. Sterne, you are not angry. Yes, I am; But much more astonished at your Impudence. I know not whether the Chancellors stepping in at this Instant and flapping the Dore, Did not save his tender soul the Pain of the last word; However that be, he retreats upon this unexpected Rebuff, takes the Chancell^r aside, asks his Advice, comes back submissive, begs Quarter, tells me Dr. Hering had quite satisfied him as to the Grounds of his scruple (tho' not of his Folly) and therefore beseeches me to let the matter pass, and to preach the turn. When I—as Percy complains in Harry's 4—

... All smarting with my wounds
To be thus pester'd by a Popinjay,
Out of my Grief and my Impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what
... for he made me mad
To see him shine so bright & smell so sweet
& talk so like a waiting Gentlewoman

—Bid him be gone & seek Another fitter for his turn. But as I was too angry to have the perfect Faculty of recollecting Poetry, however pat to my case, so I was forced to tell him in plain Prose tho' somewhat elevated—That I would not preach, & that he might get a Parson where he could find one. But upon Reflection, that Don John had certainly exceeded his Instructions, and finding it to be just so, as I suspected—there being nothing in y^r letter but a cautious hint—And being moreover satisfied in my mind, from this and twenty other Instances of the same kind, that this Impertinence of his like many others, had issued not so much from his Heart, as from his Head, the Defects of which no one in reason is accountable for, I thought I sh^d wrong myself to remember it, and therefore I parted friends, and told him I would take care of the turn, wh^{ch} I shall do with Pleasure.

"It is time to beg pardon of you for troubling you with so long a letter upon so little a subject—which as it has proceeded from the motive I have told you, of ridding you of uneasiness, together with a mixture of Ambition not to lose either the Good Opinion, or the outward marks of it, from any man of worth and character, till I have done something to forfeit them, I know your Justice will excuse.

"I am, Rev^d Sir, with true Esteem and Regard, of wh^{ch} I beg you'll consider this letter as a Testimony,

"Y^r faithful & most aff^o

"Humble Serv^t

"LAU: STERNE.

"P.S.

"Our Dean arrives here on Saturday. My wife sends her Resp^t to you & y^r Lady.

"I have broke open this letter, to tell you, that as I was going with it to the Post, I encountered Hilyard, who desired me in the most pressing manner, not to let this affair transpire—& that you might by no means be made acquainted with it—I therefore beg, you will never let him feel the effects of it, or even let him know you know ought about it—for I half promised him,—tho' as the letter was wrote, I could but send it for your own use—so beg it may not hurt him by any ill Impression, as he has convinced it proceeded only from lack of Judgm^t.

"To

"The Reverend Mr. Blackburn

"Arch-Deacon of Cleveland

"at Richmond."

We note that Hilyard did not live to see Sterne achieve his great success, for the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were "Printed for and sold by John Hinxham (successor to the late Mr. Hilyard), Bookseller in Stonegate," York.

The other letter we have mentioned, written by Dr. Jaques Sterne, begins thus:—

"Decem. 6 : 1750.

"Good Mr. Archdeacon

"I wil beg leave to rely upon your Pardon for taking the Liberty I do with you in relation to your Turns of preaching in the Minster. What occasions it is, Mr. Hilyard's employing the last time the Only person unacceptable to me in the whole Church, an ungrateful & unworthy nephew of my own, the Vicar of Sutton; and I should be much oblig'd to you, if you would please either to appoint any person yourself, or leave it to your Register to appoint one when you are not here. If any of my turns would suit you better than your own, I would change with you." . . .

Endorsed—

"Mr. Jaques Sterne—reprobation of his nephew Yorick—& mention of the Popish nunnery at York."

PARIS LETTER.

Paris : June 8, 1874.

THERE are forty intelligent Frenchmen who envy the National Assembly. The fact may appear incredible at first sight, but it has been amply and painfully demonstrated. Forty representatives of French literature yearn for the notoriety of the French Parliament, cast longing glances at Versailles, pant for the privilege of creating "incidents," addressing interpellations, vituperating publicly, drowning dear colleagues' voices with a clatter of paper-knives. They have indulged in a very successful parody of the peculiar parliamentarianism in vogue at Versailles. The occasion of this masquerade has already been mentioned in these columns. A M. Emile Blavet, whose prose is prized in the *Gaulois*, discovered, in a fortunate moment for his fame, that the lists of the Société des Gens de Lettres contained four execrable names—four symbols of revolutionism, communism, socialism, incendiarism—all those barbarous verbal shafts which political neologists are accustomed to forge for the punishment of an adversary. MM. Pyat, Grousset, Vallès, and Razoua were the members denounced as unclean. The Société des Gens de Lettres was deaf at first, but M. Blavet persisted. He organised a crusade

of conservative paladins, a chorus of orthodox clamourers. Still the Société held its ground, even when M. de Broglie's ministry withdrew its subsidy of 12,000 francs. But the conservative enthusiast hinted at the possible secession of thirty members, and then the Association capitulated. A disciplinary jury was elected by ballot, and the accused members were formally put upon their trial. "Formally" but feebly characterises the wonderful pomp of the literary court. There was a bar, a tribune, president, reporters, advocates, and ushers. But parliamentary forms were invariably adopted. M. Léo Lespès (Timothée Trimm, of the *Petit Journal*) paraded the hall before the trial, offering eau de Cologne, which, as he humorously declared, was to dispel the odour of petroleum. This was merely a jocular preliminary manifestation of party spite. The jury was composed of seven members of the committee, and seven of the thirty-six jurymen first elected by ballot. Among the jury were six novelists, two dramatic authors, and two journalists. M. Emile Blavet prosecuted; Timothée Trimm defended Félix Pyat, and Tony Revillon Vallès, Grousset, and Razoua. The bitterness of the recriminations exchanged by these gentlemen is scarcely conceivable by English minds. M. Alfred Assolant had not attended, and a Bonapartist immediately rose to propose that the Radical novelist should be fined. Jurymen on each side were objected to, and when it is added that three of the members thus erased were reporting the meeting for different journals, it will be easily imagined that the published accounts of the trial are not remarkable for accuracy or moderation. M. Blavet's speech was an essay on the Code Napoléon, tending to prove that a deprivation of civic rights entails exclusion from all legally constituted associations; M. Léo Lespès' defence was merely a string of anecdotes and good-humoured pleasantries in favour of Félix Pyat; M. Revillon trenched somewhat on the domain of politics, and took occasion to inform the Society that M. Emile Blavet, the prosecutor, had, on the morning of September 4, thrown himself into Razoua's arms, and cried "Vive la République!" Then there was a question as to the relative worth of Bonapartists' and Radicals' *paroles d'honneur*, an exchange of piquant personal criticisms between the prosecution and the defence; and the jury retired, to reappear in half an hour, declaring that by a majority of eight to six Félix Pyat and Paschal Grousset were maintained members of the Société; and by a majority of ten to four, and nine to five, Jules Vallès and Razoua were expelled. This curious verdict was succinctly explained by one of the members not elected to the jury: "Pyat is illustrious; Grousset, harmless; Vallès, dangerous; Razoua, nobody."

This manifestation of political rancour is not more ludicrous than a recently advertised project of literary philanthropy. Starting from the unsubstantial stand-point that intellect is a malady that unfits the possessor for all the more prosaic duties of life—that the pen which produces sonnets cannot solve a sum in multiplication—a number of benevolent persons interested in the profession of letters have conceived the idea of instituting a species of literary and artistic asylum or *maison de santé*. Of course the ubiquitous M. de Villemessant is among the philanthropists. He originated the idea. He planned a country house, to be erected in one of

the beautiful valleys of the environs of Paris, at Enghien or Chaton. It is to be called the Villa Soleil. There the worn-out bookseller's hack shall find repose, health, luxury, freedom from work and creditors; there the poet whom *abeinthe* has poisoned shall find a bath of nature ready for him; there the *chroniqueur* shall shake off the fever of Paris life, the political "leader" writer forget the Fusion of the Centres and the fate of universal suffrage. The Villa Soleil will receive whoever lives by his pen or brush. The rich will pay: the poor be lodged and maintained by means of a common fund, formed by voluntary subscriptions, by the offerings of painters and sculptors, the sale of charitable authors' works, lotteries, dramatic benefits, &c. Two well-known doctors will direct the establishment and watch over the inmates—it will be at the same time a hotel, a hospital, a country house, an almshouse, and a club—that is to say, if it exists. As yet the literary refuge is only one of M. de Villemessant's most fantastic projects for the regeneration of the *gent écrivassière*.

M. Dumas will never inhabit the Villa Soleil, albeit he is constantly in search of sun and air and liberty. The dramatist is driven two or three times a year from the Avenue de Wagram to his Norman retreat at Puy, near Dieppe; then, again, from Normandy to Paris. His persecutors are aspiring *collaborateurs*: writers who forward the manuscripts of dramas, comedies, vaudevilles, and even, it is said, pantomimes, for his inspection, for his adoption. *Collaboration* is another royal road to the footlights. M. Dumas has but to write "Oui" on a sheet of note-paper, and that monosyllable is an open sesame, before which every stage door in Paris revolves on its hinges. M. Dumas "est de la pièce"—the technical declaration suffices for the most sagacious manager. It is of no importance that the *collaborateur* thus announced has not amended by one word, has never read the piece he signs; his name will figure on the playbills, he will draw his half of the *droits d'auteur*. In the case of M. Dumas, however, the *collaborateur* hunters never succeed. M. Dumas has made it a rule not to collaborate with any author, known or unknown. He has refused to enter into partnership with his father. His one essay at collaboration (*Le Supplice d'une Femme*) was not encouraging: it resulted in the most violent literary quarrel of the Second Empire. Therefore, last week, M. Dumas left Paris for Puy to prepare his "discours de réception" for November.

George Sand's new novel is unquestionably better than the last five or six volumes she has produced in such rapid succession. *Ma Sœur Jeanne* is almost a revival, a new birth of fervour and fancy. It is romantic and familiar, homely and passionate—it resumes the George Sand of several eras—and it deals with characters that only George Sand could imagine. Laurent and Jeanne are the idyllic children-lovers of her early works, the sober English suitor Sir Brudnel is cleverly drawn; but the supreme original character of the book is Manuelita, the woman-child, passionate, simple and pure, a strange and fascinating compound of Mignon and Manon. And in our view, George Sand has improved on Goethe and Leprévost: Mignon-Manon marries a positivist doctor and ends *en bourgeoise* by rearing a nursery full of children. EVELYN JERROLD.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

UNIVERSITY REFORM IN DUBLIN.

Trinity College, Dublin: June 6, 1874.

WILL you permit me, as the mover of the resolution in favour of a single governing body for Dublin University and College, to correct some misapprehensions which the very one-sided account of the proceedings of the Senate in your columns of last week may give rise to? My motion did not involve any censure or vote of want of confidence in the Board. I had already expressed my willingness to give every member of the Board a seat on the new governing body. My seconder, Dr. Stubbs, had given notice of an amendment to that effect. How I can be made responsible for the sentiments of Dr. Reichel, who voted *against* my resolution, passes my comprehension. In my opinion, a scheme for the enlargement and improvement of the existing Board is a far more conservative scheme than one for setting up a new co-ordinate governing body, and separating the College and University, which have hitherto been united. The advocates of violent measures of reform evidently entertained this view, for they all (or almost all) voted against me. Mr. Butt's whole following, Dr. M'Ivor, Dr. Moreland, Dr. Reichel, Sir Richard M'Donnell, and Mr. Johnstone Stoney, voted *non placet* to my resolution; while Dr. Stubbs, the warmest panegyrist of the Board, voted *placet*. For my own part, feeling that we were providing for the future, and not merely for present exigencies, I considered praise and dispraise of the present Board equally irrelevant to the issue. As to its having transpired on Tuesday, before the meeting of the Senate, that my motion was intended as a vote of want of confidence in the Board, I never heard anything of it until I read it in your columns. In fact, we had no organisation, and each of the sixteen who voted *placet* did so for his own reasons, without any previous concert. This was not the case with the *non placets*. There was a private meeting of the Fellows and Professors at one o'clock on Tuesday (the meeting of the Senate being fixed for two), at which there was a great diversity of opinion as to whether my resolution should or should not be adopted. The majority was found to be adverse to it, and a resolution was then taken that the Fellows and

Professors should vote in a mass against it, as the appearance of a division in their ranks might cause the Government to hesitate in accepting the scheme adopted by the Senate. But for this decision I have strong reason to believe that the majority against my resolution, instead of being seventy-four to sixteen, would not have exceeded fifty to forty. In fact, I am not certain that the *non placets* would have been in a majority at all, for many of the outsiders were influenced in their votes by the apparent unanimity of the interns.

W. H. S. MONCK.

DR. R. MORRIS AND DR. WEYMOUTH.

Mill Hill School: June 2, 1874.

I have read with considerable surprise the letter of my friend, Dr. Morris, which appeared in the ACADEMY for Saturday last. One would scarcely gather from it that of the various useful books to which the student is referred in my *Answers to Questions on the English Language*, Dr. Morris's *Accidence* is more frequently commended than any other; for such is the fact. But high as is my appreciation of that work, and far as I have been from entertaining any "anxiety to show that" its author has "gone astray," I do not give him credit for omniscience, nor is it reasonable that my dissenting in a very few instances—as I do decidedly dissent—from the opinions which he has expressed, or the classification or nomenclature he has adopted, and my pointing out one or two apparent omissions, should have evoked such a querulous epistle.

It is amusing to find that Dr. Morris, "in his anxiety to show that I have gone astray," condemns in his fourth paragraph my over-strong expression about *dyde*, as being "perfectly regular"—and I admit it was too strong—and in his fifth paragraph, immediately below, declares the O. E. (that is, Anglo-Saxon) *fōn* and *fēng* to be "exactly analogous" to *do* and *dyde*, whereas *dyde*, according to his view, is reduplicate, which *fēng* is not, and *fēng* is a strong preterite, *dyde* a weak one.

Indeed, it is the weakness of the preterite *dyde* that furnishes one of the chief arguments against the view that Dr. Morris has adopted. And is this argument really so contemptible that it was not worth his while to answer it? Dr. Morris asserts that *-de* as the preterite termination is derived from *did*. To which I object thus: if *-de* = (*did*, or rather) *dyde*, which is itself the weak preterite of *do*, how can it be denied that *dy-de* = *do* + *dy-de*, which again = *do* + *do* + *dy-de* which = *do* + *do* + *do* + *dy-de*, and so on *ad infinitum* and *ad absurdissimum*? And is not this the most curious case of parthenogenesis the philological universe has yet produced?

As to my being "far too positive and dogmatic" in writing "it cannot be admitted that *-de* or *-ed* = *did*;" would it not have been more candid to say that these were the closing words after a page and a half of what at least professed to be reasoning? There is no dogmatism in a mere Q.E.D. winding up an argument. As to *woof* from *weave*, one would suppose it obvious that while I clearly laid down a sound principle on p. 52, I was led by a feeling of courtesy to answer the question as it is answered on p. 50, in deference to the intention of the examiners. (The inaccuracy on which I remarked is not, it will be observed, charged on the examiners, but on some, not to say most text-books.)

But I must notice some of the "grave blunders" into which I have fallen.

First, I have confounded the Sanskrit *dā* with *dha*, and "mere tyros in philology know that this is wrong." I am not a professed Sanskrit scholar, for "non omnia possumus omnes;" but, at least to a small extent, I have studied the language for myself, and I find that Wilson gives to *dha* the meaning of "have or hold," which is remote enough from *τιθημι*. And if Wilson misled me, as other authorities seem to show, this does not affect the argument from reduplication, since *dā*

has a reduplicate second preterite, *dadau*, no less than *dhd*, *dadhau*. The sense is equally inappropriate in either case.

And I have compared *do* "with the Gothic weak verb *taugan* [sic]." I do follow Mr. Skeat in connecting it, like the German *thun*, Du. *doen*, with the M.G. *taujan*, pret. *tawida*, being fully satisfied that Mr. Skeat is right.

But I have been "violating at the very outset Grimm's law." Are there then no exceptions to Grimm's law? What of *path*, *good*, *gay*, *grave*, *have*, *freeze*, *lick* (Λιχ), *star*? Grimm's law "imperat aut servit" (like many other principles), but it is a better servant than master.

To my identification of the *d* or *t* of the past tense with that of the past participle Dr. Morris objects that *d* or *t* as a suffix of the past tense does not exist in Sanskrit, Greek, or Latin. As well might it be objected to plurals in *n* or *r* in the Teutonic and Scandinavian languages, that such plurals are not met with in Sanskrit, Greek, or Latin. But in fact the *d* or *t*, to which I assign a phonetic origin, undergoes modifications: it becomes *n* in the participles of strong verbs, and *th* in the Greek first aorist passive. The modification also of *t* or *d* into *s* is surely familiar enough; and thus I find that the suffix in question *does* exist in *ἐλυσ-σ-α*, *scrip-s-i*, and the third preterite in Sanskrit, to which *s* again the *κ* of *ἰδωκα*, *ἰθνηκα*, *ἴσα* and the majority of Greek perfects active, is apparently allied.

To pass on. "Can *grateful* be a word of 'purely English origin'?" Undoubtedly the word as a whole is of English origin, but not *purely* English; yet not the most-ignorant youth who tries to scrape through the examination could fail to know whence the first syllable comes. I might, indeed, have written here a note on hybridism, but had what seemed to me sufficient reasons for omitting it; and I may suggest to Dr. Morris, who tells me again and again what I ought to have done, and what I ought not, that on such points every man who writes a book must be allowed to carry out his own plan in his own way.

"Are *king* and *queen* of different roots?" Certainly, so far as the English language alone is concerned. Who would contend that *queen* is derived from *king* as *rājini* from *rāj*, or *Königin* from *König*? Whether they both contain a root (*k-n* or *g-n*) which prevails largely in the Aryan languages is quite a different question, and totally *ab re*; for the question under discussion is the meaning of the term *gender*, not the remoter derivation of the words cited as examples.

I am wrong also in deriving *ditch* (through *dike* or *dic*), *road*, and *doom*, from *aiy*, *ride*, and *deem*—I meant of course from the *oldest forms* of those verbs: "the very reverse is the truth:" the derivation has been in the other direction. No doubt also *νίμω*, *τρίπω*, *τρίβω* are derived from *νίμω*, *τρίπω*, and all the Hebraists—but I fancy the shudder that seizes them before even the sentence is finished! I venture to think that though our English names of visible and tangible objects cannot be all referred, as in Hebrew, not to say in Sanskrit too, to verbal roots, verbs significant of action are as a rule roots.

As to the weak contracted verbs: Dr. Morris is evidently right in taking *shut* from *scytlan*; but this verb is not given by Grein, and Bosworth assigns it a somewhat different meaning; Wedgwood also overlooks it. As to *spread* and *shred*, we have not the facts before us; for who will affirm that the whole of the A.S. language is preserved in the extant literature? But *rid* seems to me to be clearly in form from the simple *hreddan*, though in sense from the compound *d-hreddan*, the prefix being discarded. Dr. Morris, indeed, says: "The contract verbs are arranged historically, and I hope scientifically, in the Appendix to my *Accidence*, pp. 308-313." But, strange to say, not one of these verbs *rid*, *shut*, *shred*, *spread*, *sweat*, *let* (= hinder), is mentioned on those pages. I do

not say this to "accuse" Dr. Morris of any special ignorance or negligence. That his book is so complete as it is, is a marvel; but it is precisely my unfeigned respect for him as an English scholar that makes me desiderate from his own hand greater completeness still.

In reference to my "peculiar notions about Early English pronunciation," I would remind Dr. Morris that those men are not quite worthless in the world who investigate for themselves instead of taking every thing on trust from others, and truth is often found on the side of a small minority, yes, even of a minority of originally only one. And it will be quite soon enough to adopt this contemptuous tone when the important, indisputable, and very numerous facts which I allege against all the main points in Mr. Ellis's scheme of pronunciation, and which I am firmly persuaded completely upset it, have been shown to be not inconsistent with it; in other words, when I have been *proved* to be wrong.

I am sorry to have done Dr. Morris an injustice in having overlooked his p. 105 at top. It was a pure oversight. Any thought of depreciating the book was most remote from my mind. My hope was that those few strictures, by no means unkindly meant, on a truly valuable book, might lead to the correction of errors and the supplementing of defects in a future edition, which it is sure to reach. Surely in philology, as in other sciences, men who are honestly seeking truth will recognise the fact that all err here and there; none are infallible. And it is sad if members of the great community and brotherhood of learning cannot co-operate heartily in their common high endeavour, without selfishness and jealousy.

R. F. WEYMOUTH.

THE PHOENICIANS IN BRAZIL.

Strasburg: May 28, 1874.

SINCE the land of Moab, possibly also Jerusalem, has shown itself a little untrustworthy as regards the discovery of old-Semitic epigraphs, the "authors" of Phœnician inscriptions have fixed upon quite a remote and remarkable country, nothing less, in fact, than the Empire of Brazil. The Rio de Janeiro paper, *O Novo Mundo*, for April 23, 1874, gives the facsimile of a Phœnician inscription, which is said to have been found on a stone on the property of a certain Sr. Costa, of Parahyba, as had already been announced to the world in the June of the past year. The Director of the Museu Nacional do Brazil, Dr. Ladislau Netto, had at that time received a copy, or perhaps a squeeze, of the inscription from a young man with whom he was unacquainted; but he was unable to learn anything further either of Sr. Costa himself, or of the exact locality of Parahyba, a not uncommon name in Brazil. The original copy is to be found in the secretary's office of the Historical Institute of Brazil. The editor of the paper (and, with some apology, even Dr. L. Netto), though they express their doubts of the authenticity of the inscription, yet give the "facsimile" with a translation. For curiosity's sake we subjoin a transcription of it in Hebrew characters:—

1. נחן אבן כנענם צדנם חקרת המלך: סחר השלך.
2. נא אן אי ו דחקת ארץ הרם ונשת בחבון עליונם.
3. ועליונת בשנת תשעת ועשרת לחרם מלכנא אבר.
4. ונהלך מעצון נבר ים סף וננסע עם אנית עשרת.
5. וניהי בים יחד שחם שנם סבב לארץ לחם ונבדל.
6. מיר בעל ולא נהאת בברנא ונבא הלם שנם עשר.
7. מתם ושלשת שנם באי חרת אש אנכי מתעשרת.
8. אבך חבלתיא עליונם ועליונת יחננא.

These eight lines are put in the mouths of a dispersed party of Phœnician seamen who had taken part in a voyage round Africa and the world; and the Portuguese translation explains them as follows:—

1. "Canaanites, Sidonians, who set out from the royal city to trade, have erected this stone

2. without me (P) on this distant, hilly, and unfruitful shore, chosen by the gods (and)

3. goddesses in the nineteenth year of Hiram our mighty king.

4. And they set out from Ezion-geber in the Reed (sic) Sea, and embarked their people in ten ships,

5. and were together on the sea two years (coasting) round Africa (Ham); then were they separated

6. from their captains, and parted from their companions; and there put in here twice ten (or twelve)

7. men and three women, on this unknown coast, which I, the servant of the mighty Astarte (Metuashoret sic!)

8. took possession of. May the gods and goddesses pity me!"

There is little difficulty in unmasking so clumsy a forgery as this. Apart from the fact that the genuine Phœnician "cachet" is wanting in the letters (which can always be put down to the account of an inaccurate or unskilful copyist), there occur such gross violations of the elementary rules of all Semitic grammar and lexicography, more especially Phœnician, as could easily have been avoided by the use of a Hebrew grammar for schools. Thus, in line 7, "men" ought to be rendered in Phœnician by *אֲנָשִׁים*, not *מִנָּה* (see Carthag. No. 195). The three women who follow should be of the feminine gender, and we ought therefore to have *שְׁלֹשׁ נָשִׁים*, &c. The *alonim walonuth* ("gods and goddesses") of Plautus, which is introduced in lines 2, 3, and 8, ought, of course, to be written *אלנים ואלנות*, not

עליונם, as the "author" of the inscription might have convinced himself with a very little trouble. Indeed it is far from improbable that the unlucky fellow has regulated his lexicon by the ear, and handled his grammar mechanically; and so, as he was told that "to erect" was *hekhin* in Hebrew, the defective *הון* is taken for *הכן*, a reference to a table of the Hebrew verbs giving him the first instead of the third person plural at the end of the imperfect (according to the occidental arrangement in a Semitic grammar), he got hold of *הון*. In this way we can explain how the third person plural of the imperfect is throughout furnished with a *nun* instead of *yod* (e.g. line 4, *ננסע*, ננהלך; line 5, *נהי*, נבדל; line 6, *נבא*). We may add the historical improbability, that in the time of King Hiram any Phœnician should have thought it necessary to erect a diplomatic proof in stone of his having taken possession in his own person of a district discovered by himself. DR. S. EUTING.

The EDITOR will be glad if the Secretaries of Institutions, and other persons concerned, will lend their aid in making this Calendar as complete as possible.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SATURDAY, June 13,	1 p.m.	Sale at Christie's of the Pictures of the late E. L. S. Benzon, Esq.
	3 p.m.	Crystal Palace Fifth Summer Concert (Italian Music).
		Mdme. Essipoff's Second Recital (St. James's Hall).
	3.45 p.m.	Royal Botanic.
MONDAY, June 15,	2 p.m.	Mr. Kuhn's Concert (Floral Hall).
	8 p.m.	British Architects' Philharmonic Concert (St. James's Hall).
	8.30 p.m.	Geographical.
TUESDAY, June 16,	7.45 p.m.	Statistical.
	8 p.m.	Anthropological: Mr. C. F. Amery on "Reason and Instinct."
	8.30 p.m.	Zoological.
WEDNESDAY, June 17,	1 p.m.	Royal Horticultural.
		Sale at Sotheby's of the Letourcq Collection of Antique and Modern Engraved Gems.
	7 p.m.	Meteorological.
	8 p.m.	Mr. W. Carter's Choir, Royal Albert Hall.
THURSDAY, June 18,	4 p.m.	Zoological.
	6 p.m.	Philosophical Club.
	7 p.m.	Naturalistic: Anniversary.
	8 p.m.	Linnean.
		Chemical.

8.30 p.m. Royal. Antiquaries.
 FRIDAY, June 19, 3 p.m. Halle's Seventh Recital (St. James's Hall).
 " Davernoy's Second Recital (Hanover Square Rooms). Handel Festival (Crystal Palace) Rehearsal.
 8 p.m. Philological: Professor J. B. Mayor on "Dr. Gueset and Dr. Abbot on English Metre."

SCIENCE.

PESCHEL'S ETHNOLOGY.

Völkerkunde. Von Oscar Peschel. (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot, 1874.)

It appears from the author's Preface that he would not have thought of composing a handbook of Ethnology, had he not undertaken, in 1869, to re-edit General von Roon's *Völkerkunde als Propädeutik der politischen Geographie*. The new edition was to be published under the joint names of author and editor; but when, in 1873, it was partly ready to print, the health of his Excellency Field-Marshal Count Roon was too much shattered to allow of his informing himself of the contents, so to prevent delay he arranged that the work should be printed without his name on the title-page. It may suggest itself to some readers that the great reorganiser of the German army may have found his own ideas too efficiently reorganised in the present volume, and may not have wished to appear as part author of a work so imbued with "modern ideas" as to man's origin and development, physical, intellectual, moral and religious. However, this is mere conjecture. The book as it now stands is a most valuable manual, and so fully incorporates the results of modern research that Dr. Peschel may be congratulated on its not being entitled a new edition of an older work, belonging to a time when materials were too scanty for a general treatise on Ethnology on a sound basis.

Dr. Peschel arranges his topics in what may be considered their natural order, viz.: Man's Place in Nature, Origin, and Antiquity; Races; Language; Civilisation. He deserves great credit for the care he has taken to refer each point to its original authority, and also to mention the latest researches. For instance, every anthropologist now recognises the fact of the human embryo passing through successive stages in the scale of organic life, but many who are not special biologists will be interested to learn (p. 4) that this fundamental fact was made known, in 1812, by J. F. Meckel, of Halle. Again, few anthropologists in England who have attended to the curious custom of the "couvade," the nursing of the father instead of the mother after childbirth, have met with a paper by Dr. Ploss in the *Jahresbericht des Leipziger Vereins für Erdkunde*, 1871, which is here mentioned (p. 26) as containing new particulars. The chapter on Characteristics of Races is excellent in the full justice done to the physical peculiarities of limbs, skull, skin, hair, &c., on which race-distinctions are grounded by ethnologists. It was all the more necessary to estimate these at their utmost value, as the author argues successfully against such variable characters being used to divide mankind into a number of invariable types or species. Throughout the work Dr. Peschel's arguments and criticisms on the evidence he brings forward are often important, and always worth consideration.

He fairly attacks Dr. Bleek (p. 266) for connecting the worship of ancestors with the use of a particular class of languages, whereas in fact the manes-religion belongs to any and every linguistic class among mankind. There is also importance in the complaint (p. 40) that the artist who copied the famous prehistoric sketch of the mammoth found in the cave of La Madeleine, has made the most of it. It stands to reason that in a science embracing so many and various topics as modern anthropology, it must be peculiarly difficult to avoid errors. We wish to call Dr. Peschel's attention to two statements requiring correction at the first opportunity. Mr. Prestwich certainly made a suggestion as to some of the Abbeville flint implements being chisels for breaking ice-holes, but he will be surprised to find himself (p. 38) responsible for the idea of their having generally been heads of harpoons lost in the river. Also, the broad and narrow skulls figured by Professor Huxley in his paper on Skull-Measurement in No. 1 of the *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology*, are reproduced by Dr. Peschel (p. 56), who describes the narrow one as "skull of a New Zealander." But it is quite unlike a Maori skull, and Professor Huxley expressly gave his opinion that it came from Australia or one of the Negrito islands.

Among the special views of Dr. Peschel likely to cause discussion, is his uncompromising assertion (p. 472) that the higher culture of America, especially of Mexico and Peru, was of native growth, without any elements borrowed from other parts of the world. It may be so, but any writer who maintains this ought to meet and overcome Humboldt's famous argument from the similarity of the calendars of cycles of years in Mexico and Asia. Can the perversely artificial system of combining lists of names of animals, &c., into a chronological series have occurred independently to two distant nations? Another opening for instructive controversy is given by the speculation on the geography of the original home of man (p. 34). This Dr. Peschel finds in the ancient continent called by Professor Sclater "Lemuria," and which once stretched from Africa eastward by Madagascar and Ceylon, perhaps as far as Celebes. Such a continent he thinks is an anthropological necessity, for Australians, Coolies, Papuans, and Negroes to reach their present homes almost dry-shod. As to climate, moreover, this birthplace of man would be situated in the very zone of the anthropoid apes. It is remarked that such a choice of the region of man's first appearance would be more orthodox than seems at first sight, for here we are in the neighbourhood of the four mysterious rivers of Eden, namely, the Nile, Euphrates, Tigris, and Indus. And in the gradual submergence of Lemuria we see pitilessly accomplished the expulsion from Paradise, situated, as the old geographers knew, in South-East Asia. This, Dr. Peschel is careful to add, is only an hypothesis, but it is an hypothesis which may lead to geological investigations of Madagascar, Ceylon, and Rodriguez, and soundings in the Indian Ocean in quest of relics of the vanished land.

EDWARD B. TYLOR.

THE GIPSIES.

Ueber die Mundarten und die Wanderungen der Zigeuner Europa's. Von Dr. Franz Miklosich. (Wien, 1873.)

The English Gipsies and their Language. By Charles G. Leland. (London: Trübner & Co., 1873.)

Romano Lavo-Lil: Word-Book of the Romany; or, English Gipsy Language. By George Borrow. (London: John Murray, 1874.)

MR. LELAND says in his preface: "There are now in existence about three hundred works on the Gipsies, but of the entire number comparatively few contain fresh material gathered from the Rommany themselves;" and how true his statement is may be conceived from the fact that Grellmann himself, who is commonly regarded as the great original authority on Gipsies and Gipsydom, purloined nine-tenths of his materials from older works, and that a large majority of subsequent writers have contented themselves with a reproduction of Grellmann, more or less diluted. To this class, however, of literary impositions the three works now before me form notable exceptions. That of Dr. Miklosich, being purely scientific in its treatment, addresses itself to but a limited number of readers, viz., such philologists as are interested in the origin and history of the Rommany or Gipsy language. His object has been to extract from the thirteen Rommany dialects, now spoken in Europe, all words of European, and more especially of Slavonic, origin, which may help to determine, firstly, the country in which the Gipsies established themselves immediately on their arrival from Asia; and, secondly, the routes which, on breaking up and quitting that country, they must have followed to arrive at their present places of abode. The book then is divided into three portions: of these the first contains a full catalogue, comprising more than five hundred words, of the Slavonic elements in Rommany; the second, some valuable additions to our knowledge of the grammar, besides twelve new vocabularies collected by different contributors in various parts of south-east Europe; while in the third the author gives lists of words borrowed by the Gipsies in their wanderings from the languages of the European countries through which they passed. In the dialect, for instance, of the English Gipsies he has detected words of Greek, Slavonic, Roumanian, Hungarian, German, and French origin, showing that this branch of the race had halted in the countries where these languages are spoken previously to their arrival in England; and by pursuing a like system of investigation with the other dialects, he has been enabled to indicate the routes severally adopted by the Gipsies of Spain, Norway, Germany, &c. Dr. Miklosich also arrives at the conclusion that the Gipsies, on first reaching Europe, lived for a long time, perhaps for one or more centuries, in Greece or in a country with a Greek-speaking population, and that consequently the general opinion, that they did not enter Europe until the beginning of the fifteenth century, i.e. only shortly before their appearance in Western Europe, is untenable; and in support of this conclusion he cites sundry documents hitherto

unpublished, and drawn mainly from Hungarian sources, in which mention is made of Gipsies as early as the fourteenth century. It is a pity, however, that to these documents a German translation is not uniformly appended.

The general plan of the work is admirably executed, but a few minor points remain to be noticed, which seem to me capable of improvement. I regret that Dr. Miklosich has not always arranged his vocabularies in the alphabetical order of the Rommany words, as they would then be far handier for reference; and also that he has not in all cases published them with the original orthography of their collectors, but reduced them to a uniform system of his own. Nor are the words always correctly translated, especially the verbs, which, given in the third person, are generally rendered as infinitives. *Puñleske* means, not *quaerere*, but "ask him;" *mistotukierava*, not *gratia*, but "I do good to you;" *symadytchovava*, not *pignus*, but "I deposit a pledge;" and *dalagudly*, not *tumultus*, but "there is a noise." In his derivations, also, of certain words the author has been misled by the blunders of others. Thus, *iasia vallacai*, given in an early English-Rommany vocabulary by Bryant as meaning "to command," consists in reality of the four words *jas or vel acai*, "go or come here," and cannot, therefore, by any possibility be connected with the Hungarian *vala*. Still, with all these and other faults, the book is a most valuable one, telling us more concerning the actual history of the Gipsies since their arrival in Europe, than is to be gathered from any previous work. What now remains to be done is to pursue a similar course of investigation with respect to the Rommany race during its wanderings in Asia, and on this branch of the subject Dr. Miklosich is, as he lately told me, now engaged.

Mr. Leland, author of the well-known *Hans Breitmann's Ballads*, is an American. During a long residence in England he has made the acquaintance of a large number of English Gipsies, and by them has been initiated into the mysteries of *rockering Rommanes*, or speaking Gipsy. He now gives us the result of his thus-acquired knowledge in a pleasant readable volume, consisting, not of formal grammar or vocabulary, but of Gipsy conversations, stories, &c., given in their original Rommany, and followed by an English translation. The great charm of the book is that its author has thoroughly caught the Gipsy spirit. He sets before us the Rommany, as he acts and thinks, in a manner which no other writer has succeeded in doing, for the very good reason that he is the only writer who has been really admitted behind the back scenes of Gipsy life.

The specimens of the Rommany language, given throughout the book, are good. Many of Mr. Leland's words, not occurring in any previously published collection, were already familiar to me when I first read his book; others, whose genuineness I was then inclined to question, I have since verified. There still remain a large number on which I cannot speak with certainty. Such words as *seemor*, dolphin; *kisnut*, destiny; *shaster*, the Scriptures, &c., may exist in

English Rommany; all I can say is that I have never met with them. At the same time, I would remark that English Gipsies are so apt to mix up Rommany, Canting, and English words, that it is very difficult at times to come at the true source of a word. Thus, *toffer*, a well-dressed woman, given by Mr. Leland as a Gipsy word, and derived by him from the Gipsy verb *tove*, "to wash," seems to me more probably to owe its origin to the old French *attiffé*, "decked, tricked out." *Jockey*, which he derives from *chuckni*, "a whip," existed in England years before the Gipsies ever set foot in the land, to judge from the old line, "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold," &c. Again, *sechiatty*, "full of life," should, I think, have been written *zi-y hearty*; *zi-y* being a mongrel adjective formed from *zi*, heart, and *hearty* the English word added by the Gipsy narrator of the story, in which the word occurs, in explanation of the preceding *zi-y*. Sometimes with a genuine Gipsy word our author seems to go out of his way for a far-fetched derivation, with one lying before him. In *hindi tem mush*, "an Irishman," he connects the *hindi* with "Hindu." In reality it merely means "dirty," being a participle of a lost verb, *khiava*, *cacare*, still in use amongst the Gipsies of Turkey. *Sarishan* (more properly *sar shan*), the ordinary Gipsy greeting, he regards as identical with the Hindu *sar i sham*, early in the evening; whereas it is really neither more nor less than a translation of the English "how are you," *sar* meaning "how," and *shan* being the second person of the Rommany verb "to be." In connecting, however, the slang phrase "up to trap" with the Gipsy *drab*, "herb," Mr. Leland is undoubtedly right, and the use of *drab*, in the sense of "tobacco," which I have heard amongst Gipsies in Hungary, still further links the phrase with another slang expression "up to snuff." Space forbids my dwelling longer on the subject of the language, but I can assure any would-be student of Rommany that he will find the book a very quarry of information on the subject—a quarry, though, where he must work for himself, and not look to find his materials already hewn and fit for use.

The work also contains a mass of Gipsy Folk-lore. It is curious to find current amongst the Gipsies such stories as those of the Seven Whistlers, of the Baker's Daughter changed by Christ into an owl, of the Flounder's mouth being made crooked, or such a usage as that of burning an ashen fire on Christmas Day. In connexion with this last point, I may here mention that I know a certain village in Germany, near Nordhausen, where at Whitsuntide Gipsies assemble from all parts of the continent to observe a rude form of tree-worship, a fact which I commend to the notice of Mr. Fergusson. Curious, too, is the whole question of the origin of the pseudo-Christian legends, which are current among the Gipsies of all parts of Europe, and samples of which occur in Mr. Leland's work. His legends would, I think, have gained in interest had he compared them with those given by M. Bataillard and other continental writers.

Finally, Mr. Leland, to establish his theory that the Gipsies are descendants of the

Doms, i.e. are of a non-Aryan origin, must furnish more substantial proofs than what may be only the merely accidental resemblance of a name. The physiognomy and language of the Gipsies point to a widely different conclusion, viz. that the Rommanies are very Aryans of the Aryans. Their language, indeed, according to Dr. Miklosich, may claim the rank of being regarded not as the descendant of any one of the seven modern Aryan languages of India, but as an elder member of the same family—as a sister of the others, not as a daughter of any one of them.

There remains yet to be noticed another English work on the Gipsy language—a *Romano Lavo-Lil*, or *Gipsy Dictionary*, by Mr. George Borrow, author of the *Gipsies of Spain*, *Lavengro*, *Romany Rye*, &c. When the *Gipsies of Spain* first appeared, now some thirty years ago, there were, I imagine, not two educated men in England who possessed the slightest knowledge of Rommany; and, consequently, all Mr. Borrow's statements regarding the manners and language of the Spanish Gipsies were received with implicit belief. In Germany it was otherwise. There Dr. Diefenbach and Professor Pott subjected his vocabulary to a searching criticism, but even they would seem in no wise to have questioned its claims to originality. Pott mentions Bright's *Travels in Hungary* (Edinburgh, 1819), but does not appear to have seen the book itself, or he would have found that in the appendix to it is a Spanish-Rommany Vocabulary, where many of the most doubtful words in Mr. Borrow's collection had already appeared, such as *sacais*, eyes, *fila*, face, *otembrolilo*, heart, *chindo-quendo*, blind, *buchi*, executioner, *brinza*, meat, *otarpe*, heaven, &c. Now it may be said that these words really exist in Spanish-Rommany; and that, therefore, there is little cause for wonder at their occurring in both collections; but I appeal to any one, who has carefully studied vocabularies by different collectors, whether they would be likely to appear in precisely the same form, in two collections made by different persons and at different times, when even so common a word as that for "bread" is given in various English-Rommany vocabularies as *mauro*, *malo*, *máro*, *maroo*, *moro*, and *morro*. Whether the above words do really exist in the dialect of the Spanish Gipsies, is a question into which I cannot now enter, much as I should like to do so; but I deemed it necessary, before proceeding to criticise his present work, to point out that Mr. Borrow's claims to be considered an authority on Rommany may not be so paramount as has generally been imagined.

In the *Romano Lavo-Lil* the first thing which struck me was the absence of a number of words, given by Mr. Borrow in his earlier writings as belonging to the English-Gipsy dialect. One looks in vain for *shukaro*, "hammer," *covantz*, "anvil," *dearginni*, "thundreth," and other words familiar to the readers of *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye*, or for an explanation of the obscure verse in *Wild Wales*, "*Ando berkho Rye canó*," &c., which latter, though fairly intelligible to any one acquainted with continental Rommany, would, I fancy, be Hebrew to the travellers of the English roads. Still, with

these omissions, Mr. Borrow's present vocabulary makes a goodly show, extending over some ninety pages, and containing no fewer than fourteen hundred words, of which about fifty will be entirely new to those who only know Rommany in books. The words, too, are in the main correct, though I cannot quite agree to the forms *guero*, "fellow," *bowle*, "snail," *gristur*, "horse," *Dibble*, "God," &c.; and there occasionally occurs a mistake similar to that of Dr. Miklosich, viz., the rendering of the third person of the verb as the first person or an infinitive, two instances of which are to be found on the first page, where *apasavello* is translated by "I believe," and *artavello* by "to pardon." Here and there English words have crept in among the Rommany, as *yarb*, herb, which is merely the west-country pronunciation of the English word; and *mukalis bicunye*, "let it alone," should, I imagine, be written *muk lis be, can ye*. In *naval*, "thread," we perhaps see simply a confusion of the two meanings of the Rommany word *dori*, "string or thread," and "navel."

Mr. Borrow does not seem to me to be very strong in derivations. *Luvvo*, "money," he refers to a Slavonic word *lovok*, "convenient;" but it far more probably comes, as suggested by Dr. Paspati, from the Gr. *λόλος*, by transposition; just as *olavas*, "stockings," becomes with some Gipsies *ovalas*. Again, he is wrong in regarding *engro* as an independent word, signifying "fellow." In so doing he follows Colonel Harriot, whose mistake was pointed out by Pott in his great work *Die Zigeuner* (Halle, 1844), where he shows that *-gro* is an adjectival termination, representing the Sanskrit *kara*, in such words as *rathakara*, wheelmaker. Nor are such double adjectival forms as *pou-engreskey*, of which Mr. Borrow gives several examples, admissible in Rommany. When he says that *possey-mengri* is improperly used for any fork but "a pitchfork," connecting it with *pus*, "straw," he would seem to be unaware of the existence of a Rommany verb *pussa*, "to stick," whence also *busnis*, "spurs," which word again he incorrectly derives from the Mod. Gr. *βάσανον*, "torment." *Vava* he defines as an affix, by which the future of a verb is formed; but when we consider that the Rommany *v* almost invariably represents the Sanskrit *m* (cf. *puv*, "earth," *liv*, "snow," &c.), it becomes plain that in *-ava* we really have the termination of the first person. Indeed, in the east of Europe the two forms *kamama* and *kamava* exist side by side. As a matter of fact, English Rommany possesses no future. By far the best portion of Mr. Borrow's book is his specimens of Gipsy songs. In one of them, *Tugnis amande* (more properly *Tugno se mande*), I recognise an old Rommany favourite. Of his prose I cannot say so much. It is the Rommany of the study rather than of the tents. Let any one compare Mr. Leland's version of the story of the Deluge with Mr. Borrow's account of his visit to Thomas Herne, and he will see what I mean. Mr. Borrow has attempted to rehabilitate English Rommany by enduing it with forms and inflexions, of which some are still rarely to be heard, some extinct, and others absolutely incorrect; whilst Mr. Leland has been content to give it as it really is; and of the two methods

I cannot doubt that most readers will agree with me in thinking that Mr. Leland's is the more satisfactory.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION AT OXFORD.

IN the form of *Replies to a Circular Letter of Enquiry*, sent by the Vice-Chancellor in the course of last year to the several Boards of Studies and Professors, we have the opinions of several Oxford professors on the following points: (1) The creation of additional professors. (2) The distribution of subjects among the professors. (3) The employment of assistant-professors. (4) Temporary provision for certain subjects (an expression explained by the answers).

The Board of Studies for the first public examination demand two additional professors and four readers of Philology—the readers rather co-operating with, than subordinated to, the professors. Minute subdivision of subjects is disclaimed. The occasional assistance of persons not professors, or readers, is admitted. These suggestions are repeatedly the representatives of *literae humaniores*. Further, two readers in Philosophy, in history an additional professor and reader, are required. This answer (supported by the weight of Professor Jowett's name) would be nearly unanimous, but for the indignant protest of Professor Chandler against an extension of the professoriate, from which he predicts "nothing but incessant squabbling." He regards professorial lectures as a "barbarous mode of teaching."

For Mathematics are claimed four additional professors: two in pure, two in applied, mathematics. Readers should be appointed. Their duties and the distribution of subjects might be subsequently settled. The occasional employment of persons distinguished in any particular branch of science is approved. We may observe, that a similar opinion is appended to all the most thoughtful answers.

In the school of Natural History we may distinguish opinions on physics, chemistry, biology and geology. Four professors, one for each of the branches of physics (acoustics, optics, heat, electricity); one demonstrator at least for each professor; also a professor to teach experimental physics—this programme meets with general favour. It is proposed that the whole department of chemistry should be under the control of one professor, amply supported by assistant professors. For biology, Professor Rolleston proposes three professorships: (1) comparative anatomy, zoology and histology; (2) human anatomy, physiology, ethnology; (3) physiological, as opposed to anatomical and morphological. We have not space to enumerate Professor Phillips's suggestions with regard to geology; far less to criticise Professor Westwood's demand for a professor in natural theology, to counteract the "atheistical demoralisation resulting from the unlimited teaching of Darwinism."

In the school of Modern History we find conflicting views—that of the majority, represented by Professor Stubbs, advocating considerable modifications of the present system; and that of Professor Burrows, who would leave things very much as they are.

The Board of Studies for the School of Jurisprudence propose two lecturers in Roman, and two in English law: "within certain limits a lecturer on Roman law might be allowed to lecture on English law." Similar views are lucidly advocated by Professor Bryce. He observes: "A teacher is apt to get weary of always treading the same round, and may be expected to lecture all the better on his own subject after having been led to consider it from a new point of view in dealing with a cognate one." He proposes also a professorship of canon and ecclesiastical law.

The School of Theology appears stagnant.

For subjects not recognised in the schools there

appears to be at present sufficient provision; as "it is impossible at Oxford to teach more than what is required for the examinations." Were it otherwise, were a real school of comparative philology, for instance, to be established at Oxford, in that case Professor Max Müller would think seven professorships necessary.

The professor of Fine Arts (after descanting on the material arrangements of his drawing-class, proposes two professorships, one of painting, the other of modelling.

Dr. Acland thinks that for the "scientific side alone of Medicine it is desirable to appoint four additional professors.

We do not perceive that it has occurred to anybody that the want of a Professorship of the English Language is still a scandal to the University.

Altogether, the perusal of this document is not a very encouraging one for those reformers who desire that our old English universities should be brought up to the level of the best high schools of the continent, and regain their reputation as the advanced guards of culture and knowledge.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A SINGULAR exhibition is to be given in the Palais d'Industrie, at Paris, from September 15 to October 11, under the auspices of the Société Centrale d'Agriculture and d'Insectologie, of all the useful insects and their products, and of the noxious insects and the depredations they commit. This is the fourth exhibition of the kind, the last having been held in 1872 in the Luxembourg Gardens.

The first division consists of useful insects arranged in six classes: each species should be shown in its several stages of egg, larva, chrysalis, and the perfect insect. First among these are the silk-producing insects, then those producing honey and wax, among which are the honey-bearing ants, of which one species has been long known in Mexico, and its honey utilised. Next follow the insects yielding colouring matter—cochineal, gall, &c. The fourth class comprises the edible insects: the water-bug (*Notonecta* and *Corisa*), whose eggs are converted into bread, and under the name of "haulté" sold in the markets of the cities of Mexico, and particularly in the capital, where the eggs are gathered from aquatic insects found in the lakes, more especially in that of Tezcuco; then follow the grugru worm, or eatable caterpillar of the cabbage palm; the locusts of America and Australia, crickets and grasshoppers, white ants (termites), the eatable spiders (*Epeira edulis*) of Polynesia, etc. The fifth class comprises the insects used in medicine: cantharides, etc.; the sixth, those used as ornaments, as the phosphorescent insects, beetles, etc.

The second division (the noxious insects) include those that are injurious to the cerealia, the vine, oleaginous plants, textiles, medicinal and ornamental plants; those hurtful to forest trees and to building timber, which destroy wool, horse-hair, and feathers; parasitic insects, etc.

The exhibition promises to be one of great interest, and likely to be productive of useful results.

DR. J. M. TONER has published, at New York, a useful little volume of 120 pages, entitled a *Dictionary of Elevations and Climatic Register of the United States*, in which the height in feet above the sea-level is given of all the cities, towns, and localities in the United States that the compiler has been able to find a measurement of, and also the latitude, mean annual temperature, and the total annual rain-fall of many places. The object of Dr. Toner in this compilation has been to place within reach of the medical profession a record that may enable and induce professional men in different localities to observe, record, and contrast the influence of elevation, if it has any, on health and disease.

DR. HERMES has detected the presence in the

Aquarium at Berlin of three specimens of the rare infusorial animalcule discovered by Dr. Hoffmann and named after him *Choloepeus Hoffmanni*.

THE Dutch papers are warning the general public that the curious-looking nuts which have lately been imported from Acheen, and are being extensively sold as playthings owing to their fancied resemblance to an ape's head, are poisonous, and ought not to be given to children.

THE prize instituted by the late Dr. S. F. Stiebel, of Frankfort a. M., for the best essay on questions connected with development generally, and the treatment of children's diseases specially, was lately awarded for the first time at Frankfort. The successful competitor was Professor Lieberkühn, of Marburg, whose investigations on the development of the eye in the vertebrata have secured him a European reputation, and his essay for the Stiebel prize is pronounced to be fully equal to his other contributions to science. We learn from the report of the committee appointed to award the prize that the capital from which the money is derived consists of the funds raised by the friends and admirers of the late Dr. Stiebel to celebrate, on May 3, 1865, the jubilee of his fifty years' doctorate. This money was left by the professor at his death, in 1868, for the purpose to which, after the interval prescribed by himself for its accumulation, it is now for the first time so satisfactorily applied.

Bleaching Ivory and Bone.—M. Cloez has recently explained to the Society for the Encouragement of Industry of Paris a mode he has discovered of whitening bones. At the request of M. Gratiot he was trying to remove the disagreeable odour of skeletons, and supposing a solvent of fatty matters would succeed, employed spirit of turpentine, and was surprised to find that after three or four days' exposure to light the bones became dazzlingly white. In the shade they must be immersed longer. Wood may be bleached in the same way, and essences isomeric with turpentine—that of citron for example—have the same effect. The substances to be bleached should be suspended a few millimètres above the bottom of the vessel, above the thin layer of acid that is deposited.

The Temperature of the Sun.—*Der Naturforscher*, No. 22, has a paper on this subject, detailing experiments by Father Secchi, comparing the radiating power of the carbon poles of a voltaic battery capable of melting platinum with that of the sun. He found the latter 36½ times as much as the former; and, reckoning the heat of the voltaic arc at 3,000°, he concluded that of the sun to be from 133,780° to 169,980°, according to the allowance made for absorption of solar heat by our atmosphere. The writer, who only gives the initials 'R. M.', compares these results with others obtained by various processes, and comments on their excessive disagreements. Thus, Deville made the solar temperature 2,500° to 2,800°, Secchi in former experiments 5,801,846°, and Zöllner 61,350°. Evidently the subject requires a careful examination of the probable value of the various methods by which the discordant results were obtained.

Dichroism through Tension.—*Der Naturforscher*, citing the *Annalen der Physik und der Chemie*, states, on the authority of Herr August Kundt, that gutta-percha and caoutchouc become dichroic by stretching, and exhibit a dark brown tint in one direction, and a straw yellow one in another.

It has been proposed to establish a Medical College in Italy to commemorate the centenary of the death of St. Thomas Aquinas (1274). After first considering the expediency of placing it at Naples, the committee appointed to decide the question finally determined upon Rome as the site of the institution, and at a meeting recently held at the house of Dr. Rudel, formerly professor at the Sapienza College, the necessary steps were taken for its formal inauguration.

It is with much regret that we record the death at an early age of the well-known Italian savant, Professor Domenico Cipoletti, late assistant at the Observatory, Florence. Although still a young man he had acquired a high reputation as an original investigator and careful observer, and his early death will prove a severe loss to science.

A MAGNIFICENT specimen of the rare *Yucca longifolia* is at present exciting much attention from botanists and the public generally at Lübeck, where this colossal Mexican plant is blooming in the nursery of the Messrs. Spalckhagen. It is upwards of eight feet in height, has more than five hundred leaves, which measure from six to seven feet in length, and is now exhibiting a colossal raceme of bloom nearly six feet high. This noble specimen of the *Yucca* family is unlike any other plant to be met with in botanical works, although it bears great resemblance to *Xanthorrhoea hastilis*, and is conjectured to be about seventy or eighty years old, judging by the description given of it when it passed into the possession of the Spalckhagen family forty years ago.

The French Standard Metre.—At a recent meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Industry, of Paris, M. Debray explained, on behalf of M. St. Claire Deville and himself, the mode of obtaining a pure alloy of platinum and iridium, of which to form the standard metres, as recommended by the International Commission on Weights and Measures. This alloy, ten of iridium to one hundred of platinum, is said to be unalterable, but the process of getting iridium free from osmium to make it is very complicated, involving a number of processes, which will be found in the *Revue Scientifique*, No. xx., 1874.

Balloon Ascent of MM. Croce Spinelli and Sivel.—M. Lissajou, describing this ascent, explained that the aeronauts reached an elevation of 7,800 metres. They found the temperature gradually decreasing, except when traversing clouds, beyond which the thermometer marked —22° C. At a height of 4,500 metres they saw below their car crystals glowing in the sun, and below them white clouds which could only have been composed of frozen particles. The rays of the solar spectrum indicating vapour of water disappeared at the limit of their voyage. Thus, this vapour does not belong to the solar surface. At 5,000 metres they felt uncomfortable, and had recourse to vessels containing a mixture of 40 oxygen and 60 nitrogen. At 6,000 metres they used another mixture containing 75 per cent. of oxygen, and each time their physical and mental powers that had been weakened were restored. Thanks to these inhalations M. Croce Spinelli was able to remove an old error, and show that the sombre colour of the sky observed at great heights is the result of fatigue. After each inhalation of oxygen the blue of the sky reappeared.

A STORMY meeting was held at Berlin on May 28, to consider the question of cremation, in the course of which Dr. Baginsky advocated the practice on hygienic principles, and Dr. Bernstein on those of pious respect for the ashes of the dead, and he assured the assembly, amongst whom were many ladies, that he looked forward with satisfaction to a time when bust-crowned columbaria would prove the most attractive decorations of our high roads and other public thoroughfares. In these and other analogous matters we should, he thought, do well to imitate the ancients, who showed their superior veneration for the remains of the departed by raising pyramids in the desert, planning a mausoleum within the walls of cities, and laying down a "Via Appia" for the daily tread of all orders of the community.

THE volume of the *Zoological Record* for 1872, just published by Mr. Van Voorst, is the last to be edited by Professor Alfred Newton, F.R.S. The next volume is to be compiled under the editorship of Mr. E. C. Rye, the newly appointed Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society.

THE fifth Annual Report of the New Zealand Institute for 1873, published at Wellington, has just arrived in this country. It contains notices of the present state of the Museum, Herbarium, Laboratory, Time Observatory, Geological Survey, &c. The practice adopted by the Institute of printing in one volume the Transactions of the affiliated societies in the colony is found to answer well. Each scientific society in New Zealand that becomes affiliated to the Institute receives a share of an annual parliamentary grant in proportion to the amount of work done by its members. During the last five years 445 communications have been read before the different societies (viz. Auckland Institute, Wellington Philosophical Society, Otago Institute, Philosophical Institute of Canterbury and Nelson Association), of which 286 have been printed at length. With few exceptions, all these papers relate directly to the colony, and comprise in round numbers about 120 on zoology, 70 on botany, 53 on chemistry and metallurgy, 60 on geology and physical geography, and about 120 papers on miscellaneous subjects, chiefly relating to ethnological considerations of the aboriginal race, or connected with the industrial resources of the colony.

It is an admitted fact, which physiologists may explain if they can, that women, whatever else they may be, are not inventive in the broadly scientific sense of the word. On this account we record with satisfaction the announcement that reaches us from San Francisco, of a lady of that city who has invented a new kind of needle, which has the advantage of admitting of the insertion of a finer thread than ordinary needles, and making a proportionately smaller hole in the process of sewing.

SCIENCE has sustained a heavy loss in the sudden death of Dr. Aloys Pichler, on June 3, at the age of forty-one. His long and active connexion with the University of Munich, and the admirable manner in which he performed the duties of his office while he held the post of Head Librarian at the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, will cause his death to be regarded with special regret among scientific men in Bavaria and Russia.

THE Working Men's College Natural History Society and Field Club's scheme of work for this month is: Lectures, &c. (Tuesdays, at 8 p.m.)—16th, Mr. J. A. Foster, on "Actina;" 2nd, 9th, and 23rd, Museum Work (naming and mounting fossils); 30th, Mr. Fotheringham on "The Salmon of the Pacific Coast." Field days: 7th, Botany (Mr. Grugeon), at Esher (from Waterloo 9.45 a.m.); 27th, Bone Beds (Mr. R. L. Fleming), at Ilford (Great Eastern 3.8 p.m.).

SOME time ago we drew attention to the discovery of three leaves of the Curetonian Syriac Gospels, which originally belonged to a MS. in the British Museum, but have now found their way to Berlin. Professor Wright, of Cambridge, has followed up his edition of the text of these fragments by that of fragments of the Homilies of Cyril of Alexandria, which have shared the same fate as those of the Gospels. They were discovered, with other fragments, by the Rev. J. R. Crowfoot, author of *Fragmenta Evangelica*, on a visit to the Nitrian monastery in the autumn of 1873, by whom they were presented to Dr. Wright. The editor states that it is his intention to present them to our national collection.

THE controversy in regard to the site of ancient Troy, and the reality of the events interwoven with the mythological framework of the Homeric poems may lend some additional interest to Dr. Gustav Körting's recently published *Contributions to the History of the Troy-Myth in its Transition from the Ancient to the Romantic Form* (Halle, 1874), in which the author considers the character and most probable source of the "Dictys" and "Dares" compilations which supplied the materials for the greater number of those half-mythical, half-romantic

legends of Troy, which were so popular in Europe during the early middle ages. The *Dictys Cretensis*, *sive Lucii Septimii Ephemerides belli Trojani*, and *Daretis Phrygii de excidio Trojæ Historia*, appear by their bad Latinity to belong to a period not earlier than the fourth, and perhaps as late as the seventh century; but although this point is generally admitted by scholars, the question whether they are genuine Latin compositions, or mere translations or compilations of Greek originals, is not so easily disposed of, and this is the enquiry into which Dr. Körting enters. The Latinists of the sixteenth century generally adopted the latter view, and in the year 1540 a fine folio edition of these much-read and often-quoted tales appeared in a German form at Augsburg, translated by "Marcus Tattius," and printed by Haynrich Stagner. In that *édition de l'ure* the Dictys and Dares collections may, however, be said to have reached the culminating point of their popularity. From that time they rapidly sank into oblivion, from which they can scarcely be said to have been rescued till 1832, when Niebuhr's selection of these tales for the subject of a prize essay again directed attention to them. In recent times, Drs. Dunder and Joly have advocated the Dictys and Dares claim to a Latin origin, but Dr. Körting is of opinion that there is no valid ground for this view, and that, on the contrary, the evidence is entirely in favour of the assumption, maintained in earlier times, that these collections have been derived from ancient Greek sources.

MR. MATHEWS, of Exeter College, Oxford, has brought out the "first recension" of Ibn Ezra's *Commentary on the Canticles* (London: Trübner), on the basis of three MSS. He has added a literal translation, which opens the work to those not familiar with Rabbinical Hebrew, and will also be of great service to those who are beginning its study. Mr. Mathews accepts Grätz's opinion, that though Ibn Ezra gives two distinct expositions of the Song, he only believes in the former or literal one, which explains the poem of the love between a young girl and a shepherd. This is not improbable, in spite of Ibn Ezra's vehement disclaimers, for his admissions with regard to the Pentateuch and the Book of Isaiah (see Cheyne's *Book of Isaiah Chronologically Arranged*, London: 1870) prove that he was free from the worst critical prejudices of his age, though he did not venture to speak out, either, as Dr. Grätz thinks, from his dread of being charged with heresy, or, as Mr. Cheyne, from a feeling that traditional views about the Bible could not be disturbed without danger to religion.

PROFESSOR WHITNEY's admirable *Lectures on Language* find appreciation in Germany. A translation with additions has just been brought out by Dr. Jolly, author of a treatise on the Infinitive.

In the May number of the *Indian Antiquary* the Rev. C. E. Kennet gives a brief account of the two branches of the Vaishnava sect in S. India, viz., the *Vadakalai* and *Tenkalai*. As regards final beatitude, the former are said to insist on the "concomitancy of the human will" for securing salvation, whereas the latter maintain the "irresistibility of divine grace;" thus exhibiting a controversy similar to that between the Calvinists and Arminians. In another paper Mr. Narasimiyengar states that the *Tenkalai* are the only sect by which the hideous rite of shaving the heads of widows has not been adopted. In the same number Professor R. G. Bhandarkar explains the courses of sacred study enjoined in the various Brahmanical schools; and Capt. J. S. F. Mackenzie gives an account of the *Panchānga* or Indian almanack.

THE number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* (New Series, vol. vii., pt. i.), just published, contains some important philological papers. Professor R. C. Childers gives the first part of the Pali text of the *Mahāparinibbāna Sutta*; and a paper on the formation of the plural

of Sinhalese neuter nouns. The number further contains the Pali text and an annotated translation of the *Upasampada-Kammavācā*, or the Buddhist manual of the form and manner of ordering of Priests and Deacons, by Mr. J. F. Dickson; and the text and translation of three inscriptions, in the Elu or ancient Sinhalese, of *Parākrama* the Great, by Mr. T. W. Rhys Davids. Professor W. Wright gives a specimen of a new Syriac version of the *Kalilah-wa-Dimnah*, with an English translation. Professor H. Kern's translation (from the Sanskrit) of Varāhamihira's *Bṛihat-Samhitā*, or complete system of Natural Astrology, published in this Journal, is continued in the present number, from the sixty-fifth to the eighty-fifth chapter. The remaining papers are: "Notes on the Megalithic Monuments of the Coimbatore District," by Mr. M. J. Walhouse; "On the Valley of Choombi," by Dr. A. Campbell; "The Name of the Twelfth Imām on the Coinage of Egypt," by M. H. Sauvage and Mr. S. L. Poole, with a note, by the latter scholar, on the names of the Capitals of Egypt; and a paper on the Kharāj or Muhammadan Land Tax; its application to British India, and effect on the Tenure of Land, by Mr. N. B. E. Baillie.

O Novo Mundo for May 23 publishes a considerable vocabulary, together with fragments of the etymology, phrases, etc., of the language of the Guanás and Chanés—little-known Indian tribes inhabiting the district of Miranda in Matto Grosso, along the Paraguay, in the neighbourhood of Albuquerque. A dictionary containing more than 2,000 vocables of this language was destroyed in 1867 in the sacking of Nioca. Captain Taunay, of the Brazilian artillery, is the scholar to whose painstaking we owe the collection. From the same journal we learn of the publication of the second volume of Dr. Almeida's *Historical Memoirs of the Extinct State of Maranhão*. The preceding was occupied with the history of the Society of Jesus; this one contains many rare documents, relations, journals, etc., of great interest for the early history of the Amazon. Another great river is fitly honoured in the *Biblioteca del Rio de la Plata*, a collection of works, documents, and notices, unpublished or little known, relating to the physical, political, and literary history of the river, edited by Dr. Don Andrés Lamas, and now issuing in parts at Buenos Ayres.—*Nation*.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY (Monday, June 1).

SIR SIDNEY SMITH SAUNDERS, President, in the Chair. Mr. McLachlan exhibited specimens of the white ant (*Calotermes* sp.), recently bred at Kew from a sample of the wood of the tree (*Trachylobium Hornmannianum*) that produces the gum copal of Zanzibar. Mr. Stainton read a letter which he had received from the Rev. P. H. Newnham, of Stonehouse, Devon, stating that he had taken two living specimens of *Deiopeia pulchella* on the Cornish side of the river Tamar. Mr. Stainton remarked on the unusual circumstance of the insect having been captured in the month of May, whereas it does not usually appear until a much later season.

Mr. Charles O. Waterhouse sent for exhibition a living specimen of a mantid (*Empusa pauperata*), in the larva or pupa state, brought to this country by the Rev. Mr. Sandes, of Wandsworth, from Hyères. He had tried to feed it with flies, but could not induce it to eat anything while he was looking on. Mr. Stainton remarked that it would probably have seized a live spider at once, if it had been offered one.

Mr. W. D. Gooch communicated a detailed account of his experiences with regard to the Longicorn Coffee Borers of Natal. Dr. Horn (of Philadelphia) stated that European conifers, limes, &c., planted in a public park at Philadelphia, were all killed by the larvae of native species, such as *Callidium antennatum* and *Monohammus*

dentator, though apparently in a healthy condition, whilst the native trees were not perceptibly affected. He was inclined to believe that the insects attacked healthy trees; but Mr. McLachlan stated that, according to the observations of most European entomologists, the European species of longicorns did not attack living wood in a perfectly healthy state.

Mr. Butler communicated a paper on "New Species and a new Genus of Diurnal Lepidoptera in the Collection of Mr. Druce."

Mr. Smith read a Revision of the Hymenopterous 300 genera *Cleptes*, *Parnopes*, *Anthracias*, *Pyria* and *Stilbum*, with descriptions of new species of those genera, and also of new species of the genus *Chrysis*, from North China and from Australia. The genus *Anthracias* was noticed as specially interesting, as it did not appear to have been recognised since Klug published the brief generic character; but Mr. Smith had been able to recognise it from a specimen in the collection of the late Mr. Shuckhard, where it had evidently been mistaken for an example of *Parnopes carnea*, which it closely resembled.

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY (Monday, June 8).

MR. WALTER RYE exhibited and described a series of Diaries and Account Books kept by the Isham family, of Lamport Hall, in the seventeenth century. Of these, one comprised many interesting references to the habits and customs of the time. It commences in the year 1671, and was kept by Thomas Isham, who had been induced by his father to keep a diary of all events which occurred at Lamport Hall. Mention appears of such guests as were entertained by the family, the amusements prepared for their gratification, and special references to local sports and games. A description occurs of a "barring out" at a school in Shrewsbury, the shutting up in a cellar of one Mr. Gedney, a clergyman, by Lord Banbury; stories of murders, burglaries, etc.; and a record of the burning of a woman in Smithfield for clipping coin, etc. The diaries and other books are no less than fourteen in number, and contain many matters of general and local interest.

Mr. Edward Baddeley communicated an account of the restorations now progressing at the church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and exhibited a sketch of some early work which has been recently disclosed. In opening up the chapels of the Holy Ghost and that of the Blessed Virgin, it has been found that the walls are composed of wrought stone work in good preservation, and which had probably belonged to the earlier buildings; portions of massive columns have also been exhumed, fragments of a flooring of encaustic tiles, and numerous other interesting objects. The chapel on the south side of the choir contains the monument of Sir John Crosby, which, with other memorials of distinguished citizens, will be duly cared for in the present alterations by the Merchant Taylors' Company. It is also hoped that as much as is possible of the ancient work which is now uncovered will be utilised in the restorations, and the early character of the chapel preserved. Photographs of the discoveries were exhibited, and copies presented to the library of the Society, by Mr. R. H. Hills.

Mr. Thomas Milbourn read a paper entitled, "Notes on the History of Royston." He remarked that this town—situate in two counties, viz. Hertford and Cambridgeshire—was prior to the reign of Henry VIII. in the five several parishes of Therfield, Barkway, Bassingbourne, Melbourn, and Kneesworth, but was subsequently constituted a parish by Act of Parliament. It is not mentioned in Domesday, and from this circumstance the author argued that it could have possessed little, if any, importance in Roman or Saxon times. He rather attributed its origin to the erection of monastic buildings by Eustace de Merc in the twelfth century, quoting Camden and other authorities in support of the opinion. For many

years it was known as Roysse's Cross, from the Norman tradition of a cross having been erected upon the roadside by a lady named Roysia. The first royal charter was from Richard I., and dated from Bury St. Edmunds. It is of considerable length and contains many facts of interest. In the time of King Henry III. the monastery was enlarged, and in a charter dated at Windsor in the thirty-fifth year of his reign, the King confirms to the prior and canons all their grants and possessions. Similar and further concessions were made by Edward I.—III. and succeeding monarchs. Various indentures and covenants entered into by the priors were next quoted by Mr. Milbourn, and mention made of the condition of the convents at the time of the Dissolution. In the ministers accounts of this period is a schedule of all properties possessed, rents paid, and many names of ancient hostleries in the town: for example, the Lamb, Crane, Swan, Taberd, Crown, &c. The revenues at this period were estimated at the annual sum of 89*l*. 16*s*., and the site was granted by the King to Robert Chester, one of his gentleman ushers. The ancient hospital in Baldock Street was next described, the church and its monuments, and mention made of such distinguished personages as had been connected with locality.

Mr. A. S. Hobson, F.C.S., exhibited some well executed rubbings of monumental brasses from Lynn in Norfolk, Newark, and St. Albans.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY (Wednesday, June 10).

Mr. J. EVANS, F.R.S., President, in the Chair.—A paper was read by Mr. W. Whitaker, "On the occurrence of Thanet-beds and of Crag at Sudbury, Suffolk." In conducting the geological survey of the country around Sudbury, the author had observed certain sections proving the existence of Thanet-sands in this district. In the absence of fossils, the determination was based partly on their lithological characters—the sands resembling those of West Kent—and partly on their stratigraphical position, below the Woolwich-and-Reading beds and immediately above the layer of green-coated flints on the top of the chalk. Mr. Whitaker had also noticed certain beds which he believed might be referred to the Red Crag, at a higher level and further west than had been previously observed.—Mr. Prestwich communicated some "Notes on the Phenomena of the Quaternary Period in the Isle of Portland and around Weymouth." The quaternary deposits occur in patches scattered over the district. The oldest of these deposits is represented by a patch of mammaliferous high-level drift, occurring at an elevation of 400 feet above the sea-level, at the Admiralty Quarries. This bed contains highly-polished pebbles of chert from the Greensand, and of sarsen-stone or Druid-sandstone. Looking at the character of the remains in the old river-gravels, and the direction in which they must have travelled, the author was led to conclude that the disturbance by which the strata between Portland and Dorchester had been thrown into a great anticlinal arch must have occurred subsequently to the formation of the high-level gravels, and consequently at a comparatively recently geological period.—Professor Maskelyne gave a verbal summary of the contents of a paper by himself and Dr. Flight, "On the Character of the Diamantiferous Rock of South Africa." The diamond-bearing matrix had hitherto been an enigma, but the authors have worked out its composition, isolating each mineral constituent, and subjecting it to chemical analysis. The rock consists mainly of enstatite, a variety of bronzite, which is to a great extent altered by hydration. As subsidiary components may be mentioned garnets, ilmenite, and vermiculite. The vermiculite appears to be a new species, described under the name of Vaalite; thus adding another member to the group of vermiculites lately investigated by Professor Cooke. The African rock, whilst approaching in composition to herzolite or to pseudophite, yet differs

from either of them.—Mr. J. W. Hulke communicated brief abstracts of two technical papers. In one he noticed a Reptilian tibia and humerus, probably of *Hylaeosaurus*, from the Wealden of the Isle of Wight; in the other he described a modified form of *Dinosaurian ilium*, hitherto reputed to be a scapula, indicative of a new genus, or possibly of a new order of Sauria.

FINE ART.

The China Collector's Pocket Companion. By Mrs. Bury Palliser. (London: Sampson Low & Co., 1874.)

THIS little manual possesses other merits besides portability. It has been compiled by a lady whose acquaintance with every branch of ceramic art is almost unrivalled, and whose statements may be accepted with perfect confidence. In fact, the distinguishing feature of the book is, that authority is given for the occurrence of each mark, and for its being assigned to a particular locality. As most of the references are made to public collections, the amateur is thus furnished with the means of comparing his own specimens with well-authenticated pieces, and can examine for himself not only their marks, but also their forms, fabrique, and style of decoration.

The majolica of Italy and the porcelain and pottery of France have perhaps received the special attention of Mrs. Palliser, but her range of research is a wide one, and we do not think the collector will look in vain for any marks or monograms which admit of identification. Among the marks ascribed to the Bow and Bristol factories are several which will be new to most amateurs; and among those attributed to Derby are two—numbers 43 and 44—which are particularly interesting. We may venture to observe that the workmen's marks upon early Worcester ware are more numerous than the authoress (following Mr. Binns) would seem to think, and that the name Nantgarw is occasionally to be found stencilled in *cursive* characters upon the china of the latter place. We scarcely need add that a more trustworthy and convenient handbook does not exist, and that others besides ourselves will feel grateful to Mrs. Palliser for the care and skill she has bestowed upon it. CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(Fifth Notice.)

VERBAL description of the real landscape, except in the hands of the very greatest writers, is a proverbially tedious thing; even more must be the attempt to paint in words what the artist has painted on canvas. In this branch of art, also, where so much is, as it were, found for him by Nature, success up to a certain point may be often reached without any sure promise that the painter has obtained mastery of his art, or is likely to repeat his achievement. The sphere of a critical notice is, on these accounts, much limited in regard to the landscapes exhibited; and I may, perhaps, do my task best if I begin by defining the chief schools or types of art within which the pictures will be found to fall.

This attempt, however, leads us at once to a few words upon the great and much-debated question, how far the artist should endeavour to imitate Nature: what is his function in regard to her? First, then, whatever theory may require, it is wholly impossible strictly and really to imitate Nature; her gloom and her brilliancy so far outrun

the painter's means that he must either compromise in every tint, or select those phenomena which are least beyond his palette; whilst all effects due to change and motion, of which the most important are the least consciously marked, are forbidden to him. In short, I hope no landscape painter will think me too severe if I compare his task to the attempt to arrange an orchestral symphony for a single flute. The more glory, then, to that delightful art which, with means so limited, has given us results so admirable!

Granting the inevitableness of this intervention on the artist's part, we may now describe landscape painting as *Nature seen through the painter's mind*. What even the most literal, or the most unskilful of men gives us, is always a vision which hung somewhere between himself and reality. The relative distance at which the vision hangs, if I may prolong the simile, together with the mental and manual power of the painter, assign to the work its character and value. This human element is the secret of the artist, which spectators can only hope to discover in part. It will work in many ways, forming endless combinations: in selecting the scene, the time of day, the kind of sky; in determining whether natural tone or natural feature shall be dominant; in omitting, in rearranging, perhaps in composing from scattered material; in prompting the sentiment which the artist wishes to render, whether one strictly "natural," or one representative or suggestive of human emotion. The most impressive landscape will be that which has the nearest resemblance to natural truth (not, necessarily, to one actual scene), united with the most imaginative sentiment. The least, probably, will be that which has only a vague likeness to nature, with signs of feeble imaginative compromise or arrangement on the painter's side. Between these will be a hundred types of landscape, each legitimate, and likely to respond to one of the endless varieties of human taste; but which might be valued by abstract criticism in proportion to their approximation to that style which has at once the most of man and the most of nature.

Among several painters who aim at this highest style, perhaps Mr. Hook and Mr. A. Hunt have made this year the most sustained, the nearest approaches to it. The lovely sea pieces of the former, with his inland, rarer but not less lovely, have been so long before us, and so much the same for many years, that they need no analysis. The fishermen under the *Lee of a Rock* (29) seems to me the most perfect: the balance between the figures and the view, which has often seemed to present difficulties to the artist, being very happily struck. The colour of the sea is exquisite; no one else combines the real tint with so much freshness and motion. The "clear-obscure" of the Orcadian landscape, noticed by Scott in the *Pirate*, is beautifully given in the *Kelp Burners* (14). As with the sea, so with Mr. Hook's trees in his *Cow-tending* (232): he unites the most venturesome intensity of green with the greatest happiness in natural form. In this latter region he has a rival in Mr. Herbert, who, exhibiting this year in landscape as well as in figures, gives us a very brilliant and charming avenue scene (456), marked by great unity of idea. There is a power of painting in Mr. Hook's work, with a certain *naïveté* in the choice of scene, which, together, place it above the work of Mr. V. Cole, Mr. Leader, Mr. Hulme, or the Linnells. Specimens by these artists are here: the *Heart of Surrey* (11); and a *Morning Scene* (296), by Mr. Cole; an oft-repeated *Weald* by Mr. Linnell (481); *A Torrent*, by Mr. Hulme (1,408): all very pleasing, if not precisely impressive. Mr. Cole's *Mill* (639) is in a much more striking vein; the arrangement of this and the unity of tone reached are excellent. These qualities (which are those, it seems to me, more or less lacking in our good average landscape) reappear in the evening scenes by Mr. C. J. Lewis (1,018); and Mr. Davis (596). The latter, certainly one of the best among our younger

landscapists, is not very forcibly represented this year: the piece, however, just named is an admirable instance of that landscape type in which, without obvious poetic treatment, natural truth is selected and arranged for us by the artist's imagination. The *Sailor's Gardens* (1,379) is another landscape of more than usually clear intention: the tone of the cottages, the scheme of the sky and distance, are fine and true; if Mr. Lloyd be young, he ought to have a career.

Mountain landscape is eminently a province of the art in which the "vision and the faculty" are to be desired. Nature, here seen in her full force as poet, demands poetry from her student. It is only to the imaginative eye that

"The Visions of the hills,
And Souls of lonely places"

will be visible. It is not in this direction, if the view taken in my previous papers be correct, that we must look for success in the two landscapes by Mr. Millais. It is needless to point out, impertinent to praise, the admirable fidelity to natural detail shown in the tree-delineation of the forest-scene (68): the intensely difficult foliage of the fir may, perhaps, have never been more truly and forcibly painted; the underwood is a masterpiece of subtle effect, reached by what look like the simplest means. Why, then, is this work wholly heartless and uninteresting? Why does Mr. Meyer's quiet little evening scene (73), hung above it, look like a picture, in a sense in which this does not? Reverting to the remarks just made, I should reply, because Mr. Millais' piece is as nearly a simple transcript from nature as art can supply; and being thus necessarily compelled to omit much of what was in nature, whilst the artist meanwhile has given us no compensation from his own mind, it is inevitably prosaic; and, in such work, to be prosaic is to fail in art. Why is the "silence of the woods," in reality, so impressive? Not in itself, but because the sense of vivid life in tree and shrub and bird and animal around us gives a mystery and a charm to the contrasting quiet. These things, in part, the painter could not render: what he could suggest he has not suggested; nor by selection, by effect of sky, by any of the artifices, in short, of which a spectator can only note the absence, has he redeemed the deficiency. We may say of this picture, "a fair body, had it but a soul:" the master-mind is wanting as decidedly and palpably as the master-hand is before us.

From any spectator who offers criticism, the ability and the conscientious labour of the painter require that reasons for the criticism, as a matter of due respect to him and to the reader, shall be given. Much of these remarks, whatever be their truth, applies to the *Winter Fuel* (75). Here the child on the waggon, placed so prominently and coloured so conspicuously as to take it wholly out of the mere class of "figures in a landscape," would, in nature, have been the keynote in colour and refinement of form (for what in nature rivals the face and figure?), and also in common human interest. Now, no part here is painted so coarsely as this, or with so little feeling; yet any spectator, I think, can see that, were the figure away, what little unity of composition the picture has (with which, indeed, the confused lines and tints of the tools and lumber before the waggon sadly interfere), would "fall to pieces." Why, on the other hand, is the hill beyond so beautiful? It is not better painted, certainly, than the timber; indeed, as painting, it could not be better: only here we feel the mysterious presence of sentiment: here is the artist's vision: elsewhere, his mirror-like manipulation.

Mr. A. W. Hunt, who has not yet reached this manual mastery, is, however, with no rival in a truly imaginative (and, therefore, an artistically true) rendering of mountains. His two pieces (79 and 1,381) have not a square inch without feeling and interest. In the first, we have a scene such the poet describes:—

"There, where the peal of swelling torrents fills
The sky-roof'd temple of the eternal hills."
Here, the long sky-avenue of wreathing cloud, as in the other the intense sentiment of the worn and aged crags,

"Familiar with forgotten storms,"

may be specified, as two examples of that imaginative insight with which Mr. Hunt is gifted.

If, however, mountain scenery, alone or united with wood and water, requires imagination of a high class before it really yields its secret, on the other hand it supplies so much, that landscape art has no more ready resource for obvious, easy, commonplace effect. Art of a lofty and true kind interprets nature to us: the painter's "vision" gives what a gifted mind sees in a moment, and can then transfer to permanent record. Art of the lower order suggests a scene of which the first and simplest effect would strike everyone; nay, which half a dozen words of description would, more or less, call up. There is much in the Exhibition of this class: the most notable performer being Mr. P. Graham. *Our Northern Walls* (20) and *The Misty Mountain-top* (494) present scenes which hardly render more of nature than is painted in their titles. Mr. Graham's works, with those of a little school of followers whom I need not enumerate, are, in fact, for wild landscape, very much what Mr. Leslie's are for suburban life; and, like them, will never want popularity with that class of minds to which "easy things to understand" are the first and last *sine qua non* of pleasure.

The sea meets with a much greater amount of able interpretation at present than the mountains. Besides Mr. Hook's, we have three pictures, by Messrs. Brett, C. Knight, and Naish, hung together in the Second Gallery (130, 114, 126), each worthy of careful study. These works belong, in varying proportion, to that class where the artist aims less at lending a dominant sentiment, than at faithfully rendering one actual and interesting natural effect. I have already noticed how much—even in work which, like Mr. Brett's, verges on a perilous abnegation of the artist's mind—must really, however, be due to the artist's interpretation; and in these somewhat literal works we can easily trace the presence of this element, although the subtle modes of its introduction are the artist's own secret. Mr. Knight's is, perhaps, the most pleasing whole; Mr. Brett's has a marvellous truth and splendour (no way exaggerated) in the foreground, and the sea lying in emerald and azure between St. Mary's and St. Agnes'; Mr. Naish's has a very powerful rendering of rock and current. But one feels the inevitable limits of landscape art, thus conceived, in Mr. Brett's *Sunset at Bude* (1,012): what is demanded by the artist's own arrangement as the highest point of brilliancy is here a blank.

To Mr. W. H. Moore's *Rough Weather* (1,400) I have before alluded: it is a very fine, though gloomy, square of sea. The forms of wave (if I may risk an opinion on a subject so difficult) are admirably rendered here, as in Mr. Moore's Cumbrian coast scene (1,033): only a monotonous key of colour, which often wants the lucidity and splendour of the "blue water," diminishes the interest to which the ability of his work entitles it. M. Thornely sends several coast or harbour scenes (224, 314, 963), also a little monotonous in key and in material, but of much truth and grace: here again one feels that the artist has reached his great look of nature through a thousand subtle interfusions of modest imaginative interpretation. The *Loch*, by Mr. W. B. Morris (1,420), the *Goodwins* of Mr. Wyllie (1,330), the *Brighton Beach* of Mr. Jenner (204), all deserve a more detailed notice than I can give them. The latter, though in a rather opaque style of colour, is very happy in rendering the effect of the golden glow of a summer evening.

The painters whose landscape combines the Fauna with the Flora need not detain us: they have mostly fixed their style (as Messrs. Cooper and Ansdell), or have not yet "arrived." In the last

class I place Mr. Rivière, who has obviously bestowed a labour and study on his *Apollo* and *Lion* (280 and 527) which point rather to promise than, in these instances, to fulfilment. In the *Apollo* the material and the subject have required a much stronger grasp than the artist has yet reached, although many individual points are excellent. The *Lion* is without that force of colour, of light and shade, of grandeur in line, which are wanted to lift an honest study from nature into a picture. There is a very clever wolf-scene from Iceland by Mr. Waller (195); the *Cattle Market*, by M. Poindestre (1,398), is full of animation; Mr. Watson's *Pet of the Common* (613) has something of the refinement and feeling of Mason—a name which no lover of art can pass without a sigh of regret and admiration. To the singular ability of Mr. E. Crowe's *Foxhounds in Kennel* (1,045) I have already called attention. It has a force and interest that no painter of animals only will ever put into his work: a moral which the history of art abundantly preaches.

Adverting to my opening remarks, let me here add a list, which might easily be extended, of landscape pieces worth notice. In some, general tone has been the artist's aim; in others, special effects of sky, or chiaroscuro, or landscape incident. Such are Mr. Collinson's *Sabbath Day* (38); Mr. Cameron's *Going to the Well* (83); the *Foot-bridge and Hill Side*, by Messrs. Waterlow and Thorburn (180, 181); the *Two Paths*, by Mr. Bates (208), *Mousehold Heath*, by Mr. Elton (251), and *Changing the Pasture*, by Miss Hopkins (302), which I group together, as each presents a very pretty idea; *St. Bennet's Abbey*, by Mr. Bond (366), the distance fine; two meadow scenes by Mr. Luker (398 and 556), excellent in the rendering of levels; Mr. Nesbitt's *Fife Coast* (410); the coast scene in Holland, by Mr. Beavis (545), the figures clever; *Loch Fyne*, by Mr. Cameron (666); Mr. Enfield's *Northerly Breeze* (977), a picture of some power; Mr. A. Stuart-Wortley's *Wharfedale Chase* (987), a very firmly painted winter-scene somewhat in Mr. Millais' manner; Mr. Hole's *Guinevere* (1,021), very pleasing in tone; and an impressive desert view by Mr. Nettleship (1,023), hung too high for study.

In the Water-colour Room let me notice a pretty and natural group by Miss Martineau (739); a brilliant scene on the Teign (Mr. Bearn, 745); another, also brilliant and effective, in the Lake country (Mr. Bedford, 760); a striking view of mountain peaks (Mr. Farren, 790); Mr. J. Hemy's able *Herring Fishery* (866); Mr. Sandercock's *Summer Noon* (882); Mr. Palmer's view at Cairo (883); and Mr. Dobson's *Nursery Tales* (904), a charming life-size group of two children, in which the great difficulties of water-colour work on this scale are met with much success. In the Ninth Gallery, the "forlorn hope" of miniature is gallantly maintained by Miss Dixon, during the evil days whilst the photograph, that antithesis to art, yet triumphs; Lady Coleridge's pleasing head of Sir W. Boxall (1,217), Mr. Cousins' excellent print from Reynolds's *Age of Innocence* (1,256), of all his lovely children perhaps the loveliest, should be also noticed.

Opposite difficulties to those presented by landscape painting are presented to the reviewer by sculpture. Landscape admits of many small but genuine successes, and many such are here before us. It is a flourishing art in England; endless masterpieces are familiar to every one by way of standards to aid our taste, and there is hence a fair degree of intelligent popular judgment. With sculpture, every one of these conditions is reversed: it is the severest of arts, admitting little between success and failure; success is hence very rare; and standards by which to train public taste (partly through the very nature of sculpture, so unsuitable for frequent exhibition) are rarer still. Very careful study, running everywhere into technical regions, is also needful to decide between

the true and the false in sculpture; whilst the training which helps us to judge of painting is of hardly any use here, painters being, in truth, absolutely the worst judges of sculpture within my experience.* Hence there is no art upon which (and as much abroad as in England) public judgment is so unformed and irrelevant; none in which personal considerations and pernicious clique influence are so potent.

My notice of the present display must therefore be very limited: under the conditions just set forth, an essay would be required to justify and explain a detailed criticism. There is, however, one test to which the present writer has often resorted with success in case of spectators who have thought the opinions he has expressed, in former years, upon sculpture, fanciful or unjustly severe, and which may easily be applied by any visitor to the exhibition. Let him simply ask himself whether the busts which form the majority of the sculpture have the true look of the human countenance. Are they full—not of smooth, vapid roundings, nor of sharp dots and seams and angles—but of delicate curves, which look soft in the lips, tense and firm over the forehead? Do they present a blank uniform pallor when the features are in marble, or a liny, caricaturist look when in clay—or a surface of fine half-tints, full of delicate modulation and changeful chiaro-scuro?

These points do not cover questions of style, poetical invention, mode of grouping, and many other elements of sculpture; but they cover one of its first and most constant objects, living and truthful rendering of flesh-surface; and the student who has once learned to feel this, like the student who has learned to admire a great master of style, may know, *se valde profecisse*; and he will find the rest of his path comparatively easy.

Applying these rules, severe from the very nature of sculpture, here, the busts by Mr. Adams-Acton, Mrs. A. R. Hill, Messrs. J. W. Wood, Crittenden, Brodie, Durham, Dalou, and Boehm, with several more, under one or other of the tests enumerated, will fail to "pass the scrutiny." The marble-modelling is generally crude and superficial; the management of the hair heavy. On the other hand, the terra-cotta busts which some of these artists exhibit are unsatisfactory in the main, through exaggerated use of the peculiar qualities of the material: the attempt to give the indescribably refined structure of the human face, and the hair, being here summarily cast aside in favour of a coarse and painful picturesqueness. To try to gain the look of energetic life (the chief aim of the ancient terra-cottists), by grimace and petty tricks of touch, is the besetting temptation of the modeller in this style:—the only very marked example of successful resistance to it which I can find here is in the beautiful little figures by Mr. W. C. Marshall (1524, 1526). These terra-cottas show perfect freedom from the mere devices of the material, and are very graceful in sentiment and in pose.

As specimens to exemplify the qualities which ought to be found in good work, only two conspicuous examples can be named this year (although the grace of Mr. Davis' bust, 1,547, deserves notice): the female heads by Messrs. Woolner and Butler (1,454, 1,464: Vestibule). Mr. Butler's bust shows a dignity and seriousness worthy of his distinguished master in years long past, Mr. Behnes: the management of the drapery and hair deserves careful examination for their grace and genuine sculptural quality. Mr. Woolner's work has those qualities of thoroughness, and fine, truthful finish, without which, as the history of the art abundantly shows, no sculptor can put life into stone!—that task essential to real sculpture, but to name which only is enough to prove its enormous difficulty. Beside the peculiarly sculptural

grace which flows only from perfect simplicity and sincerity in treatment, this bust has an obvious air of life, of *mobility* as it were, above its neighbours. How has this been reached? If comparison be made, we shall find that the features, in place of the dead flatness common to busts, have a variety of delicate light and shade, a quality of *tone*, which arise from the far greater number of subtle surfaces, corresponding to those of life, which Mr. Woolner has put into his work: whilst the hair, again, is a study of refinement, in contrast with the heavy massiveness which this difficult feature commonly receives.—It is unfortunate for the interests of our sculpture that so able an artist as Mr. Foley is only known now to the Exhibition by his yearly absence.

The medallion-portraits of this exhibition are not powerful; but some grace and refined sense of likeness in this branch are shown by Mr. Wagnmüller and Mr. Joy. The marble work of these artists is, at present, not equal to their clay modelling.

In architectural sculpture may be noted Mr. Forsyth's reliefs for Frome (1,434), as rather less antiquarian and conventional (and, therefore, unimpressive) than this style generally is, *e.g.* in the same artist's four designs for Worcester (1,489 to 1,492). Why does no church decorator, in place of following the fashion which consigns this kind of work to a special class, employ some artist more trained to grace and expression than our architecturalists generally seem to be? Such skill as Mr. F. Miller, for example, displays in his relief from the story of Hero (1,442, Vestibule), would surely be well bestowed on a pulpit or altar decoration, and might thus supply work which would interest and arrest spectators, in place of ranking only as archaeological enrichment.

Among Mr. Tinworth's singular terra-cottas, the scene at the *Foot of the Cross* (1,468) seems to suit this crowded kind of relief, and the artist's talent, best: it is very clever, though hardly to be classed as sculpture. Mr. Armistead's designs for the façade of the new Colonial Offices, as usual with his work, have much ability, just stopping short of excellence. The action of the figures would, perhaps, be too marked in any style but alto-relief, exposed to our dulling atmospheric influences.

The life-size and poetical figures of the year present little to strike or please. Mr. Noble's seated figure of Her Majesty, though a careful piece of work, does not rise above the "presentation" order. So far as this goes, however, it is better than the ungraceful bust by M. Boehm (1,534), whose sculptural style appears to me as unsound and flashy as Mr. Pettie's or Mr. Orchardson's in painting—facile effect and cleverness everywhere doing duty for knowledge and feeling. It must be a matter of true and widely-felt regret that such failures are renewed year by year, in cases where the best ability of the country should be available. But a hundred considerations, in which art has no place, hamper commissions of this character.

French art has fallen off here as much as in the picture galleries. The Opera-house group by M. Carpeaux, with its flutter of wreaths, one can hardly say of draperies, its grins and gesticulations, is, indeed, prodigiously clever. But to be prodigiously clever only, alas! would be the reverse of praise for high-class sculpture. Compared with the Bacchic dances of ancient art, this looks like a mediæval scene of sorcery from the "Mount of Venus": it is the kind of witches' sabbath which might have been witnessed by Tannhäuser. M. Dalou's maternal group of last year raised a hope that he was about to work out and perfect his style of terra-cotta modelling, by adding refinement and elevation to his sense of rustic charm. But in trying to repeat a mother and child of a less homely type, he has missed the pleasingness of his peasant grace, in place of which there is now a tendency to insipidity and affectation. The draperies are also more conventional,

and hence contrast unpleasantly with little bits of crude naturalism, as the collar and the shoes; the type of head has neither the beauty of refinement nor of rusticity. In a word, there is here a great want of *style*; a defect fatal to permanent pleasure in sculpture aiming at sentiment and invention. This will be felt more, should the group reach the stage of marble: with which, also, the manner of the terra-cotta modeller is essentially incongruous. The broad smile which might not offend in the slighter, less pretentious, more merely picturesque clay, when "stereotyped in stone" will be the reverse of charming.

M. Fraikin's group (1,496) is a fair specimen of the modern Flemish style; Mr. Leifchild's *Wrecked* (1,517) is well arranged; Miss Grant's large group (1,525) would be effective as a church ornament; Mr. Lynn's *First Prayer* (1,525) has grace and naturalness.

Last, let me ask attention to Mr. Bell's model for an heroic group: Wellington on horseback, surrounded by recumbent figures; Peace, Ocean, Spain, and Portugal, if I read them rightly (1,588). Of course the test of success in such a work is only to be found when it is executed on the full scale; but, so far as a model enables one to form an opinion, Mr. Bell's is both original and powerful in idea and in design. Like this able artist's work in general, every part here is thought out well, and well arranged. In an exhibition where the laws of sculptural style, eternal and immutable, because evolved from the technical conditions of the art,—are so much set at nought, an example of this class is of high value.

In concluding the invidious and reluctantly-undertaken task of attempting to estimate this vast treasure-house of contemporary art, the writer entertains a hope that his criticisms, if they be correct, will be found to support the remark which the first sight of the exhibition led him to form—that it was one which, in many directions, affords a very satisfactory impression of the state of painting among us. Five or six pictures, such as those by Mr. Lewis for perfect technical quality, Mr. Maclaren's for grace of line, Mr. Fildes' for force of sentiment, with those by MM. Israels and Legros, among us, if not of us,—I may perhaps add Miss Thompson's for felicity of idea,—would alone stamp a year's collection, whether here or abroad. And if anywhere, in the odious task of adverse remark, I have seemed too severe, I would beg to submit in extenuation, that my attempt has been throughout to estimate the work exhibited, not by the popular favour of the moment, but by that higher standard which the English school, for a century and more, has established among us. F. T. PALGRAVE.

EXHIBITION OF MR. WHISTLER'S PICTURES.

AN artist who retires from the popular exhibitions, and shows his work apart in a gallery of his own, takes a course of which it is hard to balance the good and evil. On the side of evil there is always this to be apprehended—that his work, once withdrawn from the open field of comparison and rivalry, once secluded into an atmosphere of its own, will take a growing development on that side on which it is least like the work of other men. Does it contain the germs of singularity or affectation, these germs will produce and multiply a hundredfold; the talent of the recluse will lose whatever chance it has had of becoming central, sane, or complete. If the popular appreciation of art was quick, if the atmosphere of our great annual shows was really a healthy and bracing atmosphere, considerations like these would, I think, turn the scale decisively against the practice of private exhibition. But the excuse for private exhibition is that our great annual shows, in the present state of public taste, do not really provide a genial element for works of art; that what makes most figure there is work of such commonplace, misdirected, unpleasant kind as has little right to be called art at all; and that the same

* The almost curiously bad arrangement of the sculpture-galleries, in regard to light and disposition, is a standing exemplification, only too familiar to our sculptors, of this remark.

traditions which cause work of this kind to prevail, often cause grave injustice to be done to work answering to truer instincts. If there is any case in which an artist is justified in opening a gallery of his own, it is when he is conscious of a distinct vocation for certain kinds of artistic combinations which it takes delicate organs to appreciate, and when experience has taught him that this kind of combination receives scanty welcome at the hands of art's official censors. And this is Mr. Whistler's case. There is another concomitant temptation of private exhibitions, that of turning them into a kind of rare-show, and seeking to attract public notice to the speculation by vulgar excesses of proclamation and placard. This temptation has not led Mr. Whistler away. His little gallery, opened last Monday at No. 48 Pall Mall, needs to be looked for; and when you have found it, you encounter none of the importunate arrangements of certain well-known galleries in Bond Street. You find a room pleasantly matted, tinted and arranged; with a panelled skirting carrying two tiers of the artist's works, a lower tier of colour sketches, and an upper tier of etchings, and above the skirting some eight or ten oil paintings in quiet keys of colour.

That Mr. Whistler is an artist having a distinct vocation stands acknowledged. To produce a peculiar order of delicate arrangements and harmonious pattern of colour, in the representation whether of individual sitters or fancy groups or landscape; to carry out the pattern-making part of his intention to as subtle and complete a point as possible, and to stop very short with the representing or realising part; to do this at a single painting, with the distinctness and purity of effect which can be secured only by avoiding all repetitions or complications of the brush; these may be set down as the heads of the mission which Mr. Whistler feels himself inspired to fulfil. And as of all harmonious and spirited pattern-makers the Japanese race stands infinitely the foremost, so it is in the art of Japan that Mr. Whistler finds his closest precedent. Only, while Mr. Whistler forswears those imitative effects of relief, definition, fulness of natural light and shadow, which go to make up the European conception of a picture, he is scarcely master, on the other hand, of that genius for expressive abstraction, that incisive certainty of selection, that intense way of telling much in little, which makes good Japanese work as pregnant for the imagination as it is flattering to the sense. What the art of Mr. Whistler yields is a *tertium quid*, somewhat vague, pale, and incomplete, as I should say, beside really first-rate work done on either the European or the Oriental principle—a product both refined and artistic, but carrying refinement to a pitch almost sensational, and pushing a single artistic principle to the verge of affectation.

The catalogue of the exhibition being not yet issued, it is difficult to refer to individual works. Of the portraits in oil, that of the artist's mother, exhibited two years ago at the Royal Academy, seems to me still the best. The mourning tones of black, grey, and white, with an admixture at most of the demurest yellow, which the exigencies of modern costume seem to the artist to prescribe for portraits in general—these tones have a peculiar imaginative appropriateness in this case; and to renew acquaintance with the work is to revive more than all the first impression of it. A seated portrait of Mr. Carlyle is treated in the same key, and is admirable in the disposition of the figure and in the luminous quality maintained through all these sombre tints; but the head seems to me too much softened in form and too much extinct in fire. How much of this look of weakness is due to the constraint of the artist's principles of work, it is hard to tell: that it can scarcely be due to want of power in grasping character, would seem to be proved by several of the etchings which surround the walls at the height of the eye. Of these, with their strange mixture of scampering

caprice and singularly direct and concentrated power, we have not space to speak in detail. The views of the Thames have been already published; of the unpublished prints, some half a dozen portraits of young girls, done with the dry point, are altogether exquisite, and show a charm as well as a vividness and address which to my mind put them at the head of all Mr. Whistler's engraved work. The same qualities occur in a brilliant degree in some of the studies on the lowest tier. These are chiefly done on brown paper, with pencil, chalk, or colour, and contain a few fine landscape and sky effects, several sketchings of portrait, and some abrupt jottings in lovely colour for figure compositions of a Japanese fancy. Mr. Whistler has long been engaged in working up compositions of this kind into pictures: two or three half-way hints in oil towards such pictures find their place already upon the walls of this gallery among the portraits. In course of time, we understand, the portraits will be displaced to make room for a more variegated show.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

PRIZES AT THE "SALON."

Paris: June 1, 1874.

THE award of medals for painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving has given rise to characteristic incidents. At first sight, one is disturbed at the progress in the path of reaction of a clique hitherto self-recruited from year to year; but, after closer examination, one is fain to conclude that the excesses of the jury have at last killed it; and that it is impossible for the administration, even if it does not permit artists henceforward freely to regulate their own exhibitions, to avoid modifying an institution which recalls the disastrous days of the Empire.

But I will let the facts speak for themselves. There were first, second, and third class medals to be awarded. The jury is composed of a few amateurs appointed by the administration, and of members elected solely by artists who are either members of the Institute, old winners of the *prix de Rome*, or who have received the decoration of the Legion of Honour, or a medal at a previous exhibition. It will be easily understood that this aristocracy, jealous of the advantages of its position, thinks first of its pupils and next of its friends. It gathers information about those who are personally unknown to it, and only allows the electoral body to be swelled by safe men, who can give pledges to "moral order." Never yet was the result so conclusive: sculpture only carries off two medals, which are both awarded to pupils of the School of Rome—one very properly to M. Noël, author of a *Gladiator casting his Net*, a correct figure; the other to M. Lafrance, for a little *St. John the Baptist*, a study of a child as crooked as Quasimodo in *Notre Dame de Paris* must have been when taken up by Claude Frolo, which only deserved a third-class medal.

Painting has secured three first-class medals. One is awarded to M. Blanchard, pupil of M. Cabanel, for a *Hylas carried off by the Nymphs*; the second to M. Lehoux, pupil of M. Cabanel, for a *St. Laurence*, roasting painfully on his gridiron, without asking, like Montezuma, to be turned; the third to M. Priou, pupil of M. Cabanel, for a *Family of Satyrs*, who are as black as a family of colliers.

The second-class medals are thus awarded:—One to M. P. Billet, pupil of M. Breton, member of the jury; one to M. Brisot, pupil of M. Fromentin, member of the jury; one to M. Ponsan, pupil of M. Cabanel, member of the jury; four to pupils of Gleyre, who is dead and can give no more trouble; one each to a pupil of M. Picot, and an artist who states that he studied under no master; three to foreigners, M. Castres of Geneva, M. Hennebicq, a Belgian, and a Hungarian, M. Munkakys.

Landscape, which plays so great a part in the

contemporary movement, has only received one second-class medal, awarded to M. Guillemet, who specifies his debt to no master, but must have received advice from that very skilful painter of still life, M. Vollon, member of the jury; he has painted with a clear and powerful eye for effect a *View of Paris from Bercy*, where the Seine enters the city. Then a third-class medal is awarded to M. Karl Daubigny, son of the excellent landscape painter, Charles Daubigny, who, after beginning by closely imitating his father, shows more individuality this year, in his *Saint-Siméon Farm at Honfleur*. Another to the Marquis de Groiselliez, for a conscientious study, *The Old Cottage*; one to M. L'hermite, pupil of that learned master M. Lecoq de Boisbaudron, from whose studio have come A. Legros, Fantin, Solon, and others; one to M. A. Detaux, private study, for an energetic study in the Forest of Fontainebleau, representing birch-trees attacked by woodcutters; and, lastly, one to a Belgian, M. Mols.

If we continued to follow the award of medals, we should find the studios of Cabanel, Pils, and Gérôme triumphant, not, as might be imagined, for austere art, for striving after perfection in drawing and tone, but for the most vulgar *genre*. These three artists are official professors, with diplomas and patents, at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Therefore the whole generation will be compelled to pass through their three studios; such students at least as are not ambitious of a glorious death by starvation. All the old studios, which were rivals, and consequently full of energy, are now closed or deserted: P. de la Roche, Picot, Drolling, Léon Cogniet, Gleyre, Yvon, Robert Fleury, and the rest. It is impossible to reconstitute new studios in the face of the competition of the State. Hence it may be seen what kind of variety our Salons will shortly present, for the spirit which presided over the distribution of medals to the point of rejecting the claims of lady artists (poor ladies!) on principle, had already made itself felt in the hanging by the rough rejection of two highly original paintings by M. E. Manet, and of all that might betray any sacrifice to a novel interpretation of nature.

But to proceed: the day after these awards, a special jury, composed of the four sectional presidents, and two members of each section chosen by lot, had to award two great medals of the value of 4,000 francs, the prize works to have the further honour of being engraved at the cost of the Government. At the first ballot, the name of the young sculptor Mercié at once came out successful. He was the laureate of public opinion. No work, either in point of thought, of execution, or of appropriateness, can vie with his *Glory*, descending, and taking on her shoulder the corpse of a young vanquished warrior, who has fallen sword in hand, proudly spurning the ground, and seeming to fly far away to those regions of light, where undeserved defeat is no longer accounted a disgrace.

But as regards painting the case was different. The Salon contains none of those striking works which win men's suffrages even while calling forth passionate opposition. M. Bonnat's *Christ on the Cross* had been spoken of. But men of taste had revolted against the vulgarity of the imitation, the bad quality of the painting, the puerile prominence of muscles, veins, and nerves, the repulsive coarseness of the lower limbs. Somebody said it was the impenitent thief! Others had suggested *The Cliff*, by M. Jules Breton, a peasant girl on the coast of Brittany, lying flat on the grass, and gazing on the sea, which is lashing the base of a perpendicular cliff. But it was generally admitted that the artist had lost his effect by displaying it on so large a canvas; that the painter, when he makes *genre* painting pass from its ordinary dimensions to such a scale as this, must add the charms which elements of grand design and fine painting can bestow, like Courbet and Millet. Besides, M. Jules Breton and M. Bonnat had

already had the great medal of honour, or M. Carolus Duran might have put in a claim for his fine portrait of the Marquise de Pourtales, and M. Henner. Other classical candidates might have come forward. But it was thought that to avoid a choice never completely ratified by public opinion, as well as to pay a tribute of respect to a style of work at once classical and popular, represented in the past by a thousand attractive and poetical compositions, and in the present Salon by two pictures of the first rank, *Moonlight* and a *Spring Landscape in the Department of the Nord*, the jury would award the medal of honour to M. Corot. M. Corot has attained the age of seventy-eight. Never has the life of man afforded an example of more virtues—labour, science, a long struggle, fidelity to principle, good advice to beginners, modesty, an unchanging cheerfulness of mind and heart, charity inexhaustible now that Fortune visits his studio which she has so long despised. M. Corot is the type of the French artist in the most loyal and most attractive features of the French character.

What was the surprise of the public on learning that, after six laborious ballotings, the votes were thus divided: M. Gérôme, seven votes; M. Corot, three votes; M. Henner, two votes. One paper was left blank throughout. M. T. P. Laurens, painter of an excellent *St. Bruno refusing the Presents of the Count of Calabria*, and M. Matejko, of Vienna, author of *Bathori, King of Poland, before Pskow*, had received one vote each.

The news appeared so extraordinary, so compromising to M. Gérôme, who was absent on a tour in Belgium, that his friends spread a report that he would not accept the honour. He has accepted it. He could not do otherwise. His contributions, however, seemed in no wise to demand such a distinction. I cannot help thinking for my own part, and many critics are of my opinion, that M. Gérôme's drawing is mean, and his colouring false and heavy. But these are only personal impressions, and therefore open to discussion. It is beyond dispute that his interpretation of history is as puerile as it is inaccurate. It is not historical *genre*, but anecdotal *genre*, as weak in conception as the mythology that is danced and sung on the stage of Offenbach. This painting has its reward in itself—pecuniary success. It needs no supreme honours like the work of artists who strive with all their might for the expression of an ideal, whether this ideal be the human figure in its plastic beauty, in its passions, in its allegorical or fabulous disguises, or whether it be landscape, that is, Nature in its conditions of outward harmony or of deep inward significance. M. Gérôme does not even show the research which his master, Paul de la Roche, brought to the portraiture of historical types. In his picture entitled *Une Collaboration*, Molière has his head sunk in his chest, like a hunchback, and Corneille's profile recalls the hooked face of an old German broker. The *Rex Tibicen*, that is, the Great Frederick, playing frantically on the flute in a little room full of wood-carvings of greyhounds, would cut but a poor figure among the nervous and living sketches with which Menzel has enriched his admirable *Life of Frederick II.* The "Eminence grise," Père Joseph, the Capucin, and Richelieu's famous agent, would not have endured the courtiers bowing so low as he passed. That is only seen when the king in an extravaganza moves amid his odious court. The dulness of courtiers is in their hearts and their glances, much more than in their faces and their backbones. It is a troupe of valets going to a masquerade that M. Gérôme has here grouped, and that in a way most indecorous to public taste. After showing us antiquity in a burlesque or unbecoming episode, the *Augurs' Meeting*, or *Phryne before the Areopagus*, M. Gérôme seems to wish to attack modern history. It is a pity that the jury should have encouraged him in this attempt. But M. Gérôme is a member of the Institute,

Professor at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, a very excellent man in his private capacity, and son-in-law of the wealthiest of our modern print-sellers and picture-dealers.

It is only universal suffrage applied to the nomination of the jury, that is, the right to a vote recognised in every artist whose pictures have been accepted at an exhibition, and who has thus become, so to speak, a member of the corporation, that can prevent the recurrence of equally culpable mistakes, restore energy and confidence to beginners, and give back to France her lost originality and influence. The Director of the Fine Arts has just had a conclusive experience of this. M. de Chennevières proposed a scheme for the "prix de Salon." The jury of the section of painting was to name the work which in its judgment afforded the highest promise of great painting. The prizeman, who must be under thirty-two years of age, was to receive at Rome an exhibition of 4,000 francs for three years. He was to send a copy of a master named, and afterwards a composition of two figures on a given subject.

The scheme, which was often proposed under the Empire, is good in itself, but not in its authoritative limitations. It too distinctly competes with the "Ecole de Rome." The latter has its sufficient reason for existence. No one has any serious idea of destroying it: at most, some of its statutes might be remodelled. It is evident that in a country so accustomed to centralisation as France, so convinced of the impeccability of the central power, the State, which is charged with the distribution of great decorative works over the whole surface of the country, must have ready to its hand a whole squad of artists, broken in to the practice of programmes, nourished with the milk of tradition, skilful in avoiding those audacities of design, colouring, and composition which make the Philistines look like owls. I see in the list of works executed in the Department of Public Monuments which is printed at the end of the catalogue of the Salon, Gas and Paving, in the pediment of the proscenium at the new Opera-house. Who could render Gas and Paving in sculpture, unless he had made a special study of official symbolism? And can Carpentry and Trenching, which come further on, be said to appeal to the imagination? Can you think of all the competitions a man must have gone through, to render Paving, Gas, Carpentry and Trenching worthy of figuring gracefully in the proscenium of an Opera?

Yet we possess artists at our disposal who extricate themselves with a degree of success that does them credit from these formidable pleasantries. Let us not trouble them. Their work is made up of painstaking efforts, of lost illusions, of vexations borne with dignity. But besides these modest characters, forming as it were the main body of an army, we must also learn to maintain some impatient of rules, adventurous, always far to the front or on the flanks of the regiment. The Salon is an excellent occasion to recognise such as these. Ensure them an income which will allow them to travel wherever the wings of their fancy may carry them—in Italy, Spain, Belgium, England, Japan, if they will. True, the copy or picture that they may send home will not compensate the State in money value; but France will be far better enriched by the free development of their individual talent.

Perhaps had the question been put in this form, the jury would have reflected on its really novel and patriotic aspects. Unluckily the jury only saw in the decree, hastily signed by the Minister at the instance of M. de Chennevières, a competition with the "prix de Rome," and, being composed of members of the Institute and friends and clients of these members, it rejected the proposal by a majority of 11 to 3.

At the present moment no fresh solution has been arrived at. Will the Director accept this adverse decision, and renounce his "Prix de Salon," or will he ask the Minister to form a new jury?

We cannot answer the question. In the first case he is left in a delicate position: nothing would be more deplorable than to see a man so distinguished as M. de Chennevières, and animated with such good intentions—though he is sometimes too hasty, and mixes his Liberalism with concessions to Bumbledom—leave a position which he is more worthy, and better qualified to fill, than any of his contemporaries. In the second case, he may save all by getting rid of this peevish and aristocratic jury, and appealing to the vote of all the artists exhibiting. PH. BURY.

ART SALES.

THE sale of Mr. Barker's fine collection of pictures of the Italian schools took place at Christie's on Saturday last, and the following prices were obtained. Lot 11. J. B. Pater, *Blind Man's Buff*, a composition of seventeen figures, 536*l.* (Brooks). Lot 12. *A Fête Champêtre*, a composition of seven figures, 157*l.* (Wells). Lot 18. Sasso Ferrato, *The Madonna and Infant Saviour*, 420*l.* Lot 20. School of Boucher—A set of eight upright panels, each painted with two subjects of children in colours and a landscape in blue, with borders of flowers in colours, in carved and gilt frames, and another panel to correspond; from the late Earl of Pembroke's collection, and executed for Madame de Pompadour's Château at Crécy, 6,352*l.* (Wertheimer). Lot 23. H. Himmelinck (Hans Memling), *The Madonna and Child enthroned*, with St. Catherine and St. Margaret, angels, &c., 1,312*l.* Lot 35. Giorgione (?), *Portrait of the Artist's Mistress*, 390*l.* (Graves). Lot 37. Giovanni Bellini, *The Madonna and Infant Saviour, attended by St. Peter and St. Helena*, half-length figures, purchased by Mr. Barker from the Manfredi gallery, Venice, 750*l.* (M. Grüner, from Dresden). Lot 38. Giorgione (?), a landscape, with Borso d'Este and Lucrezia Borgia, 609*l.* (Grüner). Lot 39. Domenico Ghirlandaio, an altar-piece, *Madonna and Child enthroned*, with angels, St. John and St. Bonaventura, St. Francis and St. Catherine, from the Blades collection, 367*l.* (Marquis of Bath). Lot 42. Filippino Lippi (?), *The Adoration of the Magi*, 735*l.* (Calvetti). Lot 43. Francesco Ubertini, called Il Bacciacca, *Portrait of a Youth playing a guitar*, 262*l.* (Broadhurst). Lot 44. Fra Filippo Lippi, *The Adoration of the Magi*, 315*l.* Lot 45. Gentile da Fabriano, *The Madonna and Infant Saviour*, 390*l.* (Grüner). Lot 46. School of Mantegna, *Clelia crossing the Tiber from the Camp of Corsena*, 190*l.* 10*s.* (Bath). Lot 47. Dosso Dossi, *St. Catherine and St. Lucia*, 138*l.* 10*s.* (Bath). Lot 48. Fra Filippo Lippi, *The Madonna, Infant Saviour, Magdalene, and St. Catherine*, 504*l.* (Gullich). Lot 49. Vivarini, *The Madonna and Infant Saviour*, 189*l.* (Burton). Lot 52. Raffaele (?), *Portrait of a Youth*, 390*l.* (Broadhurst). Lot 54. Cosimo Tura, *The Madonna*, 84*l.* (Burton). Lot 56. Andrea Privitate, *The Madonna, Infant Saviour, and St. John*, signed and dated 1510, 693*l.* (Grüner). Lot 57. Benvenuto di Siena, *The Madonna and Infant Saviour*, in a rich dress with jewels, 525*l.* (Burton). Lot 58. Francesco Francia, *The Madonna, Infant Christ, and St. John*, circle, 682*l.* (Brooks). Lots 61 and 62. Carlo Crivelli, *Six Saints in niches*, 566*l.* (Mithke). Lot 63. Crivelli, *St. Catherine and the Magdalene*, a pair, 210*l.* (Burton). Lot 64. Crivelli, *The Madonna in Ecstasy*, signed "Caroli Chivelli Veneti Militis Pinxit, 1492." From the Chapel of the Malatesta in the Church of San Francisco, at Rimini, 577*l.* (Burton). Lot 65. Antonio Pollaiuolo, *The Madonna and Infant Saviour*, 693*l.* (Castellani). Lot 70. Pietro della Francesca, *The Nativity*, 2,415*l.* (Burton). Lot 71. Luca Signorelli, *The Story of Coriolanus*, 483*l.* (Ley-

* It will be seen by an announcement in another column that the question has since been settled in favour of M. Lehoux.

land). Lot 72. *Ib. The Triumph of Chastity*; Cupid bound by a troop of young maidens; a fresco transferred from a wall to canvas, 840l. (Burton). Lots 73 to 79 are all by Lorenzo di Credi, viz., Lot 73. *The Madonna, Infant Saviour, and St. John*, 325l. (Coope). Lot 74. *The Madonna and Infant*, 315l. Lot 76. *The Madonna, &c.* 483l. (Grüner). Lot 79. An altarpiece, *The Madonna, Saviour, with St. Sebastian and St. John*, 483l. (Grüner). Lot 80. Luca Signorelli, *St. George and the Dragon*, 252l. (Broadhurst). Lot 81. *Ib. The Madonna*, kneeling in prayer over the infant Saviour, with an open book, 430l. (Street). Lots 82 to 87, all by Bernardino Pinturicchio—viz., Lot 82, a curious long panel, 152l. (Marquis of Bath). Lot 83, the companion, representing a camp scene, 162l. (Bath). Lots 85 to 89 were all bought by Mr. Burton, viz., Lot 84. *The Return of Ulysses to Penelope*, 2,152l. Lot 85. *The Story of Griselda*, 210l. Lot 86. The same story, 241l. Lot 87. The same, 273l. Lot 88. Sandro Botticelli, *Mars and Venus, reclining with Cupids*, purchased at Florence, 1,050l. Lot 89. *Ibid.*, *Venus reclining*, in a landscape, with three amorini pelting her with roses, 1,527l. Lots 90 to 97 are all by Botticelli. Lot 90. Portrait of the artist's wife in profile, life-size, and an allegorical figure on the reverse, 236l. (Samuel). Lot 91. *The Madonna embracing the Infant Saviour*, with St. John in adoration, 1,680l. (Brooks). Lot 92. *The Story of Nastagio degli Onesti*, 967l. Lot 93. *The Marriage Feast of the Fair Daughter, of Paolo di Traversero*, 682l. Lot 94. An illustration to Boccaccio, 420l. Lot 95. The companion, 420l. Lot 96. Another illustration, 525l. Lot 97. The companion, 525l. The last six lots were bought by Mr. Broadhurst.

The ninety-four pictures realised 37,200l., and the Government purchases, thirteen in number, amounted in all to close upon 10,000l. The sale was attended by the representatives of several other Governments; but few purchases were made except (what seems to us of more than doubtful discretion) that of some of the Manfrini pictures of Venetian masters on behalf of the Dresden gallery.

It is apparent that the new Director of the National Gallery, Mr. F. W. Burton, has turned to excellent account the opportunity furnished by this sale of enriching our own collection with works of those most rare and delightful Italian masters who preceded and taught the great group of the Cinquecento. If any criticisms were to be made against the spirited and discreet choice of purchases effected for the nation, they might be: first, that two examples at least of singular purity and beauty had been allowed to pass into other hands, viz., the Pollaiuolo bought by Signor A. Castellani (lot 65), and the Madonna of Botticelli (lot 91), bought by Mr. Broadhurst; and second, that these might profitably have been acquired in the place of two works of a master in whom the National Gallery is already singularly rich—we mean Carlo Crivelli. If further specimens of Crivelli were to be added from Mr. Barker's collection, we should have been disposed to prefer the pair of predella panels (lots 61 and 62), as better preserved, and better illustrating his most poignant and dramatic quality, than the two lots 63 and 64 actually purchased, notwithstanding their scale and importance. Of minor acquisitions, the small examples of Cosimo Tura and Vivarini were undeniably judicious. Of the greater purchases, none has more interest than the round of the Nativity purchased by Mr. Barker from the Marini Franceschi family in Florence. This example of Piero della Francesca di Borgo San Sepolcro, one of the rarest and greatest of reforming masters in the quattrocento, has undergone a certain amount both of decay and repair. It represents the Virgin kneeling before her child, who is placed on the ground in front of the manger: Joseph is sitting by; and a group of six angels, exquisite both for severity of design and dignity of sentiment, stand facing the spectator, and playing on musical instruments. The

expression used by the editors of Vasari in 1848 is: "the beauty of this painting makes us all the more lament the loss of freshness and transparency in its colour." And Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, writing after the restoration, say: "this piece is injured in colour, and seems to have remained unfinished. It is painted with much impasto and of a brown tone." It needs no extraordinary knowledge to be assured that with the spirit and expression of the work restoration has scarcely interfered. The unfinished parts in the background and the face of one shepherd have been left incomplete: and the work, whatever it may have suffered, remains a singularly beautiful and characteristic example of Italian religious art under the nascent influence of classicism and naturalism, and a worthy companion to the noble *Baptism* of the same hand which we possess already. The remainder of the purchases illustrate, as they were not illustrated before in our national collection, the secular or classical spirit of Tuscan and Umbrian art in the hands of the great precursors. The fresco of *Ulysses and Penelope* by Pinturicchio, and the fresco of the *Triumph of Chastity* by Signorelli, are both acquisitions of infinite value, the one in a tender and the other in a passionate fancy, and equally lovely in colour. They are two out of a decorative series painted (probably in 1500) for the house of Pandolfo Petrucci at Siena, and were removed, together with a third (the *Coriolanus* of Signorelli, bought by Mr. Leyland) to the collection of M. Joly de Bâmeville in 1844. A certain amount of injury and retouching, consequent upon the transfer from wall to canvas, does not very seriously detract from their characteristic beauty. The whole series is carefully described by the editors of the *Lemonnier Vasari*. There remain the *Griselda* series of Pinturicchio, and the interesting classical pieces of Botticelli (lots 88 and 89)—the *Venus* with *Mars* and *Cupids* exhibited a few years ago at South Kensington, and the *Venus* with *Cupids*, both of them nearly life size and of remarkable charm, though in the latter there is a *naïveté* bordering upon ugliness, in the action of the amorino who stretches one straight arm across the recumbent figure of *Venus*, and with the other has an awkward grasp of her dress. On the whole, therefore, and with the possible animadversions we have indicated, the nation is to be warmly congratulated on the choice made for it out of a collection containing much that was unique in its kind, together with more that was misnamed or had lost all value from the effects of time and tampering. We should add that four out of the above purchases are already displayed on the walls of the Gallery.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MADAME BODICHON has had on view for some days, at her house, No. 5 Blandford Square, a considerable number of her water-colour paintings, Algerian, and other subjects. No less than one hundred and four examples have been thus collected. The remarkable artistic gifts of this lady, evidenced in so many exhibitions of past years, were never displayed more advantageously or conclusively than in the present gathering. She possesses in a high degree the faculty (than which none is of loftier import to the landscape painter) of seeing what the scenery looks like *as a whole*; and her constant aim, in the process of realization and execution, is that of educing this general impression, so as to make it clear and forcible to the spectator. On attaining this object she is satisfied, and has indeed a right to be so: yet, in many instances, she carries her subject well forward in point of executive completeness and detail as well. Slight or full-wrought, her work continually *grasps* the subject with mind, eye, and hand. Among the pictures recently displayed, those from English scenery, and especially from the sea near Hastings, were perhaps even more observable than those from Algeria: a large view of *The Rapids above Niagara* is also

uncommonly fine, and a highly arduous attempt. We may cite the following subjects as some of the most important in scale and treatment:—*Water Tower near Algiers, Winter; View from the Telegraph Hill; Gorge of the Chiffa; In the Cedar Forest of Teniet-el-had; Sea, Hastings* (almost rivalling Mr. Henry Moore in well-applied perception). Also the following as particularly able and successful, on a smaller or less elaborate scale:—*Reeds near the Sea; Roman Aqueduct near Cherchill; Sunrise, Fish-Market, Hastings; After a Storm, looking West, St. Leonard's-on-Sea; Sea and Mist; Mist; Rye, Sussex; Sunrise, Summer; On the Thames; Dirty Weather*. We may take the opportunity of observing that Mme. Bodichon is not the only lady who has of late years turned her Algerian experiences to good artistic account. We were recently very much gratified by inspecting a series of Algerian sketches made by Miss Miller, the daughter of a gentleman in Liverpool well-known in connexion with art matters. These deal more with the life and aspect of the population than Mme. Bodichon's paintings are wont to do, and they are full of rapid seizing of character and effect.

MR. C. T. NEWTON, of the British Museum, whose deep and special knowledge of antique sculpture makes anything he may write on the subject of the greatest value, has contributed an interesting history and description of the Greek sculptures from the west coast of Asia Minor in the British Museum, to the June number of the *Portfolio*. A large photograph is given of the metope found by Dr. Schliemann at Ilium Novum, representing Helios driving the chariot of the Sun; but Mr. Newton defers his notice of this work to his next article, in which he proposes to deal with the later Greek sculptures of Asia Minor. M. O. Rayet, writing on this metope in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, unhesitatingly assigned the temple from which it was taken to the reign of Lysimachus (323-282). We are curious to learn whether Mr. Newton will agree to this date.

The other articles in the *Portfolio* are the usual National Gallery notice and picture—this time a fine etching by Rajon of Velasquez's portrait of Philip IV.; the continuation of the "Sylvan Year;" and a description of Romney Marsh and its surroundings, by Basil Champneys.

THE Paris papers announce that the artists of that city, with a view to protesting against the decisions of the academical juries of late years, have decided that a subscription shall be opened, having for its object the presentation of a *médaille d'honneur* to M. Corot, and already, notwithstanding that the promoters of this idea have not had recourse to the publicity of the press, it counts more than 400 adherents. Next week the subscribers are to meet to nominate a committee charged with the execution of the medal. A crown of laurels, the number of leaves in which coincide with the number of working years of the painter's life, will accompany the gift.

WE understand that Sir Gilbert Scott is about to undertake some alterations in the interior of Durham Cathedral. He proposes to erect a very open choir-screen, and to re-arrange the stalls so that the back row shall be brought in front of the piers, instead of being between them, as is now the case. Their present position dates only from about the year 1845, when the Jacobean organ-screen was removed. The organ will probably be divided, and placed in the two opposite arches of the westernmost bay in the choir. The old stall ends—very rich and interesting examples of the carving of Charles I.'s time—are to be retained, a conservative measure which we hope will be imitated elsewhere. The prejudice against everything that is not Gothic has already cost us too many of these valuable post-Reformation fittings. Sir Gilbert also proposes to lay the choir with a marble pavement in what may be called the Italian fashion.

JEAN LOUIS HAMON, the French painter, is dead. He was born at Plouha, in 1821, and was a pupil of Paul Delaroche and the late M. Gleyre. It was not till he was attached to the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres that he came into notice. Every one knows his graceful little picture *Ma Sœur n'y est pas*, his *Doll*, and his *Réverie*, which were in the Great Exhibition of 1851—charming little subjects, treated after the manner of the antique.

The prize of the Salon of 1874 has been awarded to M. Pierre-Adrien-Pascal Lehoux by a majority of votes on the first ballot. M. Lehoux was born at Paris in 1844.

THE Exhibition at the Corps Législatif is to close on the 15th instant, and will reopen on the 22nd, when an almost entirely different set of objects will be exhibited.

It is stated that Mr. W. W. Story has just completed a statue of *Alkestis*, which is one of the sculptor's most successful works. The moment selected is that when the Queen of Phæac has but just returned to earth from her sojourn in Hades, and the expression of semi-consciousness on her face, and of doubt and bewilderment in her pose and figure, is said to be admirably rendered.

THE question of the proprietorship of the Schliemann treasures will, it is reported at Athens, be referred to the courts of law, and as a preliminary required by the Bavarian code, still in force in regard to claims on property, a comprehensive list of all the articles in dispute has been drawn up. From this we learn that his collection consists of 12,711 individual pieces, without counting the small fragments or other objects, which occur in large quantities or great numbers. There are 180 bones and pieces of ivory; 2,601 terra-cotta and clay objects; 779 figures in marble or stone; and 9,151 objects in various metals, including gold and silver, of which, among other articles, we may instance, in silver, 2 needles, 6 bracelets, 3 rings, 10 cups or other drinking vessels; and in gold, 1 knife, 1 coronet, 6 bracelets, 2 rings, 68 earrings or pendants. There are also 8,700 beads of various kinds; and 2 beakers and 5 ear-rings of amber.

A MEDAL, designed by M. J. C. Chaplain, has been struck in France to commemorate the siege of Paris. On the face of the medal is represented the city of Paris personified by a powerful woman wrapped in a military cloak, standing with a gun in her hands, leaning against the fortifications, a cannon at her feet. On the reverse is the monument commemorative of Champigny, around which are inscribed the names and dates of the five battles that took place before Paris. Beneath are simply the words, "Siège de Paris, 1870-1871."

THE *Chronique* contradicts the report that the painter Tassaert, whose death we recorded some weeks ago, died in indigent circumstances. He had, it seems, an income of 1,000 fr., besides a pension of 600 fr. from the Society of Painters. It is more probable, therefore, that the poor old man (he was over eighty) fell asleep and got suffocated accidentally from the fumes of charcoal, than that he committed suicide in despair and want, as the papers at first stated. The Society of Artistes-Peintres are going to raise a monument over his grave.

THE first French exhibition in black and white will be opened in July next, in the galleries of the journal *Paris à l'Eau-forte*. Works intended for this exhibition should be sent in before June 20.

THE city of Boston is highly delighted at having gained the loan of the Duc de Montpensier's collection of paintings by old masters. These paintings were, it is said, to have been exhibited at the Royal Academy (old masters) last winter, but in consequence of the Landseer exhibition they were not wanted, and were lying

packed in case at Gibraltar, when an American, Mr. Arthur Codman, chanced to hear of them, and conceived the idea of securing the loan of them to America. The consent of the Duke was gained on condition that the Americans should pay all expenses, and insure the collection for 500,000 dollars. The paintings are principally works of the Spanish school, and there is one important example of Murillo. They are to be exhibited in the Boston Athenæum in a newly-built gallery. America does not often get such an opportunity of studying the works of the old masters.

THE late senator, Charles Sumner, bequeathed the whole of his art collection a short time ago to Boston. Charles Sumner was one of the few American statesmen who took any interest in art.

"WHAT the Moon shines upon" is the title of a series of drawings in black and white, by Professor Hugo Knorr, that is now being exhibited by the Austrian Art Union. The drawings, it is said, are very effective, and full of poetic feeling. They will be reproduced by the Art Union.

THE *Westminster Gazette* states that the Brompton Oratorians are about to build a new church on the same site as their present plain building. It is not to be built in the prevailing Gothic style, but is to afford Londoners a splendid example of Italian Renaissance.

THE STAGE.

"L'ARTICLE 47" AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

As literary work *L'Article 47* has no extraordinary value. It contains some smart sayings, and shows some accurate and rather humorous observation of character, but the sayings are not smarter than those which any tolerably lively person utters in the moment of *bien-être* which is generally the moment of invention; and the observation of character, though accurate, is too superficial to be keen. The success of the drama is essentially a stage success: a success dependent on strength and variety of incident; and yet it is a mistake to call *L'Article 47* a sensation play, as that term is understood amongst us, for neither gorgeous scenery nor hair-breadth escapes, nor unlimited pistol-shots, contribute to its triumph. It is sought to interest us in the virtuous struggle of a man against the evil influence of his youth: against the plots and the commands of a woman whom in a moment of passion he has wounded, and who pursues him with something which it is difficult to define as either love or hate. There is not the slightest attempt to make us sympathise with the efforts of the woman. Cora is as plainly bad as is the Dalilah of M. Octave Feuillet, and her deeds are even more inconsequent. But M. Belot himself is "on the side of the angels." No one would imagine from this work that he had written the notorious novel, *Mademoiselle Giraud, ma femme*. Perhaps he desired to atone for this novel in some such way as M. Ernest Feydeau atoned for *Fanny* by the respectable pages of *Le Secret du Bonheur*—a story almost too utilitarian for Bentham, and too instructive for Exeter Hall.

But the means by which the interest is sought to be aroused—the methods of the novelist who has arranged his drama in six parts—are not such as take very firm hold either of a good London audience or of the Paris audiences of the Français, the Vaudeville, or the Gymnase. The treatment gives satisfaction to the audience of the Ambigu—indefatigable playgoers, who form *queue* at six, go in at seven, are tranquilly attentive for the next two hours, and more closely absorbed until midnight. Nothing is narrated, except indeed what is narrated amid the parade of a court of justice. Everything passes before the eyes.

The part of Cora is exactly suited to Mme. Pasca. It makes a great demand upon physical force and energy. It makes a less demand, though still a considerable one, upon the common intelligence; and it makes hardly any demand at all upon that

power of rapid and delicate and subtle sympathy with ever-changing currents of feeling which is, of course, at the root of all high success in imaginative work. Mme. Pasca has grace of movement and manner: she was never in need of that "school of good breeding" which exists at the Conservatoire. She has swift and decided action. She has the sagacity of a woman of the world, and the experience of a practised actress. She is without great pathos: her effects are broad: she is by no means a mistress of detail. Her passion can be violent, but it can rarely be warm. Her repose can be statuesque—it can rarely be tender and feminine. In *L'Article 47*, that part of her acting which compels the closest attention is the scene in which Cora, having waited powerlessly upon the determination of Georges du Hamel to escape from her toils, by telling his wife once for all what was their old relationship, is dismayed by the contempt with which he looks at her in her supreme effort—the effort, he says, of a mad woman—and then, when he has gone out, rocks herself despairingly with clasped hands and downcast head, and fancies at last that he is with her again, and keeps not even the reason that is required for revenge. Yet here, it should be noticed, the interest is more truly in the situation than in the acting. Given bodily strength and sufficient intelligence in its interpreter, and the scene will act itself, one may say. It is not made the occasion for the display of high or delicate imaginative power. What is really the best thing done by Mme. Pasca, throughout the piece, is her answer, in the second scene, to the question "Vous l'aimez?" "*Qui sait!*" answers Mme. Pasca with the tone of a fatalist—circumstances shall guide her; chance shall guide her: she cannot guide herself.

The general performance says much for the abilities of the regular company. M. Bilhaut is not without force in the part of the young husband who was once the lover of Cora. M. Didier is entirely satisfactory as a young man who returns to the bosom of his family from the saloons of Cora so soon as his pocket is as empty as his head. M. Schey is as amusing as it is possible to be in the small but very natural part of a provincial who is grievously disappointed not to be able to say all that he would like to say when he is called as a witness in a court of justice. M. Gouget is a characteristic president of the court. Mme. Dalloca is the mother of the accused, Georges du Hamel—he is wrongly accused, at the beginning, of an attempt to murder. Mlle. Andréa Kelly is fittingly simple and plaintive as Du Hamel's wife, and Mlle. Davenay plays with the utmost liveliness her part of a witness who has decided opinions, which both in and out of season she impresses upon court and auditory.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

A PLAY by Mr. Robert Buchanan is in preparation at the Haymarket.

THE theatrical event of the week has been the production, at the Opéra Comique, of Lecocq's latest work. *Giroflé-Girofla* is performed in London even before it is performed in Paris; and it is given by its original interpreters, M. Humbert's company, from the Théâtre des Fantaisies Parisiennes, at Brussels. Success of a certain kind was already assured for it. Probably it is as good, judged from a musician's point of view, as the *Fille de Madame Angot*; but it is as yet too early to say whether it can become as popular. At the Opéra Comique the best is done for it; and a good audience—an audience such as the music of a second-rate burlesque would hardly draw—appears to be entirely satisfied.

ALMOST next door to the Opéra Comique—that is, at the Globe—they are still playing *La Fille de Madame Angot*, in English, and nowhere has it been better done. The band is good, and is well led; the chorus thoroughly trained; the dresses fine; and the scenery and appointments

satisfactory, save that in the choice of drapery for background in the second act there is a little mistake which a woman of taste would detect in a minute. Mr. Cotte is a capital representative of Ange Pitou; Miss Loseby has rarely acted with more intelligence, or sung better than as Clairette; Miss Alice Cook sings with much spirit the air in the first act, which everybody knows; and Mlle. Cornélie d'Anka is admirable as Mlle. Lange.

The hot weather has put the genuine attractiveness of our plays to the test, and *Pride* has been suddenly withdrawn from the Vaudeville, and *Mont Blanc* as suddenly from the Haymarket. The latter theatre contents itself for the moment with the *Overland Route*—good wine, that needs no bush, though it generally gets it; and at the Vaudeville they are playing the *School for Scandal* again. The cast is not quite so complete as when the comedy was first acted at this theatre two years ago, but in the main the performance is still excellent. Messrs. James and Thorne have resumed the parts of Sir Benjamin and Crabtree, which they deserted during the latter portion of the run of the piece, and the impersonations of Sir Peter, Lady Teazle, and Sir Oliver, by Mr. Farren, Miss Amy Fawcett, and Mr. Horace Wigan, are, we believe, entirely truthful embodiments of characters which it is quite easy to make over-subtle. Or, to speak more accurately, the conception formed by each artist is, we believe, wholly right, and the execution only here and there, at a point or two, a little below it.

MR. EMERY has been acting at the Surrey Theatre, in *Little Em'ly*. He has been playing, of course, the part of Peggotty, in which he is greatly successful.

MR. OXFORD's version of Mrs. Henry Wood's best known tale has just been produced at the St. James's Theatre.

M. DELACOUR is the author of a new one-act comedy performed at the Gymnase under the title of *Une Femme qui Ment*. The woman's lies are white lies, and there is a great mystery about a little thing. A wife's expenditure is perceptibly in excess of her recognised income. Her economies are still more remarkable. She saves a couple of thousand francs a month out of an income of three hundred. She says she gains her money by a lucky ticket in a lottery, and claims to have won a valuable time-piece which happens to have been won by her husband. The husband is anxious, but his wife has a candid face—so has the actress who impersonates her—and a satisfactory explanation is at last forthcoming. Her godfather had on her marriage-day given her a secret present, of moneys upon which she could draw at her need. So all is settled happily: nothing but truth has been violated, and it does not seem to occur either to the husband or to any friend that the early deception about so slight a matter bodes no good to his future. This light piece is tolerably acted, but the interest shown in it is never very keen.

We believe that, contrary to expectation, M^{me}. Chaumont will not come to London this season.

The Porte Saint Martin Theatre being now abandoned to spectacle, the tearful drama of *Les Deux Orphelins* has been moved to the Chatelet.

The Bouffes-Parisiens closes on Monday; and Madame Judic, its *prima donna*, will not re-appear in Paris until October.

The company of the Odéon are playing at Rouen.

THE 268th anniversary of the birth of Corneille was celebrated at the Français by one of its endless evenings, from seven o'clock to midnight, when the *Cid* and *Le Menteur* were performed. The artists who took part were, of course, those whose speciality is what they style "le grand répertoire"—Maubant and Mounet-Sully, assisted by Delaunay, Mlle. Tholer, Mlle. Favart, and

others. There was, of course, enthusiasm among an audience with whom Corneille is a religion.

M. GOR, at the Français, has been playing his great part in *Le Duc Job*—a performance in which it would have been well could we have seen him in London.

THE last nights of *Le Sphinx* are announced. It has yielded to M. Octave Feuillet about two thousand pounds, which is more than can be said for his first comedy, *Le Bourgeois de Rome*, which was mildly hissed at the Odéon as long ago as 1846.

A RECENT number of the *Journal des Savants* has drawn attention to the now almost forgotten epics, lyrics, and dramas of its recently deceased editor, M. Pierre Lebrun, formerly Director of the then Imprimerie Royal of Paris. We think the remainder is not uncalled for, since some of Lebrun's pieces (he began to scribble tragedies at the age of twelve) are worthy of being rescued from oblivion. His *Ulysse, Cid d'Andalousie*, and *Marie Stuart*, in which Talma took the principal parts, have great merit, while his lyrics have a certain realistic grace, reflected from the author's strong love of nature, which entitles them to an honourable place in modern French poetry. We are glad therefore to find that a reprint is meditated of *Les Œuvres de Pierre Lebrun, 1844-1861*.

MUSIC.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

A FILE of what may be called musical *ephemeræ* lies before us; and its constantly increasing bulk calls on us to deal with it before it becomes wholly unmanageable. Most of the pieces, happily, are such as to require no lengthened notice; and a few lines indicating their general characteristics will be all that is needed.

To take first the periodical publications. The numbers of the *Musical Monthly* for April and June (Enoch & Sons) are of the usual variety in their contents, which are moreover up to their average of merit. It will be satisfactory to those who take a pride in the musical reputation of our countrymen to learn that the two best pianoforte pieces in the present numbers are both from English pens. These are the "Alla Mazurka" by Lindsay Sloper, and the "Ballade" by Ignace Gibsons, both of which are excellent. Very good too, and quite out of the beaten track, is a "Marche Circassienne" by Renaud de Vilbac. On the other hand, it must honestly be said there is one piece (fortunately but one) which we positively dislike—a so-called "Réverie Poétique" entitled "La Nuit d'Octobre," by Jules Philipot, which is vague, pretentious, and in one place absurd; this place being a cadenza marked "Un chant d'oiseau." No one of course expects the notes of a bird's song to be exactly reproduced on the piano; but this cadenza, with the exception of the shake at the close, has not even the least affinity with the conventional treatment of the subject, and has nothing instead but passages which may be met with in hundreds of other pieces. Let our objection be clearly understood. It is not to the cadenza itself; if a man chooses to insert a very commonplace "flourish" into his piece, it is his own business, and he has a perfect right to do so. The objection is to the affectation (unfortunately only too common) of giving such a ridiculous name to it as "Chant d'oiseau." Some players, however, like this sort of thing, and it is possibly hypercritical to object. In any case there is quite sufficient thoroughly good music in each number to satisfy those who may share our opinion as to "La Nuit d'Octobre."

The vocal numbers of the same periodical also contain much good music—there being five songs in the April number, and four in that for June. Among those which can be selected for special praise are "The Traveller," by E. Lassen, "Longing," by W. Taubert, "The Trysting Tree," by G. A. Macfarren, and "The Hunter," by J. B.

Rongé. Lovers of the sentimental will also be pleased with Chavagnat's "I have lost my turtle-dove," and Louisa Gray's "Since then."

The last number of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal* (Novello, Ewer & Co.) contains contributions from five different writers. The first piece is a well-written and effective "Offertoire," by C. A. Barry, which contains a passage in octaves for the pedals on the third page that will rather trouble second-rate players. Next follow "Twelve Short and Easy Preludes," by August Bord, who has set himself much the same task as an author who would undertake to write twelve short essays, each within the compass of six lines. Little can be said in so limited a space, and Herr Bord is therefore not to be blamed for saying little. The following "Allegro Marziale," by F. E. Gladstone, is bold and pleasing, and well worthy of the reputation of the musician whose name it bears. The fourth piece, an "Andante" by J. H. Wallis, is in the French style—melodious but mild; and the last piece is a Prelude and Fugue, by Walter Wilmore, which presents no features for special comment.

Part 12 of the *Practical Choir Master* (Metzler & Co.), which, like the publication last noticed, is edited by Dr. Spark of Leeds, contains, first, a "Benedictus," by Berthold Tours, written with the skill of a musician, but, to our thinking, less interesting in its ideas than some of the composer's other pieces; next an anthem, "Above all Praise," by B. H. Wortham, which parish choirs of any attainments will find both practicable and pleasing; and lastly, an anthem by C. G. P. Grädener, "The days of man are but as grass," which contains an obligato organ-part, and concludes effectively with the old German chorale, "Es ist das Heil uns kommen her."

To come now to pianoforte music. No. 2 of "Wayside Sketches," by Arthur O'Leary (Novello, Ewer & Co.), is a really excellent little piece both attractive and original in its themes, and skilfully treated. It is neither too long nor too difficult to deserve a wide popularity. The same composer's fantasia on "There's nae luck about the house" (Lamborn Cock), is also thoroughly well written. It is, however, both more brilliant and more difficult than the piece last noticed, and is indeed intended for players of a higher degree of proficiency. "Two Sketches," for the piano, by M. G. Carmichael (Augener & Co.), show very decided aptitude for composition, and a freedom of treatment in the harmonies which evinces considerable practice. They are good enough to make us think that Miss Carmichael can do even better. The proof-sheets have been most imperfectly corrected; for the pieces positively swarm with misprints, though these are mostly not such as to mislead the player, as they consist chiefly of the omission of signs of transposition. "Cease your Funning," by Westley Richards (Lamborn Cock), is a well-written set of variations on the old air, in which Mr. Richards has adhered rather to the older model of variations, as found in Mozart, than to those of the more modern school, of which Schumann and Thalberg may, in totally different styles, be taken as examples. The same composer's "Capriccio" for the piano (same publisher) suffers from the not too common fault of a superabundance of ideas. Here are themes enough to make two or three capriccios; and the consequence is that, though containing many good points, the piece as a whole is discursive and wanting in unity. Fewer ideas and more development would have benefited it greatly. "Gavotte Moderne" en Ut, par Berthold Tours (Weekes and Co.), is a very successful attempt to combine the old dance form with nineteenth century harmony and treatment. The little piece, though unpretending, is thoroughly good. "The Russian National Hymn," by Boyton Smith (same publishers), is a *pièce d'occasion*, called forth, doubtless, by the recent visit of the Czar to this country. It is quite conventional both in form and treatment. Two pieces by Arthur Fox, entitled respectively,

"Meditation" and "Heartsease," are neither particularly bad nor remarkably good.

Of vocal music, we can mention with commendation, as a really pleasing little song, "The Shadow on my Heart," by Arthur O'Leary (Novello, Ewer & Co.). "The Twilight is sinking," by Wilfred E. Bendall (Weekes & Co.), is a simple but elegant little ballad skilfully harmonised. "Dreams of Home," by Alexander Reichardt (same publishers), is a song composed in memory of Dr. Livingstone, which, though its quality cannot be described as inferior, will probably owe whatever popularity it is destined to attain rather to the subject than to the music. "Deceived," song, by Marie de Brockton (The Charing Cross Publishing Company), is one of those numerous pieces which have no business to be published at all. A composer has no more right to print a piece of music when he has not studied harmony, than an author would have to publish a book if he could not write correct English. No natural feeling for music is a compensation for this shortcoming, which is more injurious than the parallel case supposed, inasmuch as while any educated reader would at once notice inaccuracies in writing, the large majority of amateurs would not be aware of mistakes in harmony, and thus their tastes would, unknown to themselves, become vitiated. In all probability, however, the composer herself is in the present case not aware that there is anything amiss with her accompaniments! "The Word and the Look," by G. A. B. Beecroft (Weekes & Co.), is a pretty, though slightly commonplace ballad. Three songs by C. Villiers Stanford (Chappell & Co.), from George Eliot's *Spanish Gipsy*, bearing the titles, "The World is great," "Bright, O bright Fledalma," and "The Radiant Dark," are, it is to be feared, almost too good to be very popular. They display real musical feeling, and not a little originality; but they appeal rather to cultivated musicians than to the general public. Lastly, there remains to notice a part-song, "Wake, dearest love," by Westley Richards (Lamborn Cook), of which it will be sufficient to say that it is both melodious, and well-written for the voices.

Ebenezer Prout.

THE fourth of the Crystal Palace Summer Concerts, which took place last Saturday, was devoted to English composers, and was remarkable alike for its judiciously representative character and its preposterous length. We have before had occasion to remark on the excessive length of these otherwise admirable concerts; but the present was the most unreasonable that we ever remember, containing no less than twenty-one numbers. Every school of English music was represented with more or less fulness. As illustrations of the part-song and madrigal, were given Edwardes's "In going to my lonely bed," Morley's "Now is the month of maying," Gibbons's "The Silver Swan," and Pearsall's "Oh, who will o'er the downs so free;" while Croft's chorus, "Cry aloud and shout," furnished a specimen of the English cathedral music; and as glee writers, Bishop ("Sleep, gentle lady" and "Foresters, sound the cheerful horn"), Goss ("O thou whose beams"), and Webbe ("Discord, dire Sister") were brought forward. Songs were given by Purcell, Arne, Boyce, Balfe, Wallace, Hatton, and Bennett. Mr. J. F. Barnett gave a very good performance of the last two movements of Bennett's Fourth Concerto; Dr. Stainer contributed two solos on the organ; and the orchestral pieces given were Mr. Macfarren's overture to *Chevy Chase*, the scherzo from Mr. J. F. Barnett's (MS.) Symphony in A, and a selection from Mr. Arthur Sullivan's graceful and pleasing music to the *Merchant of Venice*. The principal vocalists were Mdme. Lemmens-Sherington, Mdme. Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Signor Foli; the glees were sung by the London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr. F. Walker, and the choruses by the Crystal Palace choir. In the absence of Mr. Manns, Mr. Arthur Sullivan

officiated as conductor. With the exception of the undue length already referred to, the concert was an admirable one.

THE Cambridge University Musical Society gave two most excellent concerts in the Guildhall, Cambridge, on the 2nd and 3rd of June. The first was a chamber-concert, at which, among other things, Raff's sonata in C minor for piano and violin was performed for the first time in England. The second was a full choral and orchestral concert, the chorus consisting of the members of the society, while the orchestra was chiefly composed of amateurs, a few well-known London professionals (among them Herr Straus as leader), being engaged for the most important parts. The first part of the concert was miscellaneous, the most important items being the overture to *Egmont*, and a pianoforte concerto, by Mr. C. V. Stanford, the conductor of the society—a very interesting and clever work, the solo part of which was played in a most admirable manner by Mr. McClinton—one of the best amateur pianists we have ever listened to. The second part of the concert consisted of Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*—a most formidable task for an amateur society. The performance, however, making allowance for a little coarseness, the inevitable result of not being able to have more than one rehearsal with the band, was in the highest degree creditable to all concerned in it. The solo parts were sung by the Misses Ferrari, Miss Jessie Jones, and three amateur members of the society—Messrs. Murray, Borissow, and Jekyll, all of whom acquitted themselves excellently. Both band and chorus were very good, and great praise is due to Mr. Stanford for the complete success of the performance.

THE *Daily News* of Monday last contains a very interesting letter from a special correspondent giving an account of the present state of Wagner's new theatre at Bayreuth, and of the preparations being made for the performances of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, which are now definitively (?) fixed to take place in the summer of 1876.

IN Vienna the long-lost manuscript score of Schubert's music to the melodrama *Die Zauberharfe* has lately been discovered. The work is said to be unsuitable for performance; but the overture (erroneously published as the overture to *Rosamunde*) is one of the best-known and deservedly most popular of Schubert's orchestral works.

MAURICE STRAKOSCH, the well-known impresario of the Italian operas in Paris and New York, intends to start a similar enterprise in Berlin, and negotiations are in progress to secure one of the theatres of that city for a winter season of three or four months. Besides the older Italian operas, such as *Il Barbiere*, *Semiramide*, *Mosé in Egitto*, and *Tell*, it is intended also to produce the operas of Mozart.

FROM Shanghai we learn that Mdme. Arabella Goddard's concerts have drawn good houses, and that "her masterly interpretation of Beethoven and Thalberg was a valuable lesson to those who were fortunate enough to have attended." By latest advices we hear that Mdme. Goddard had arrived at Singapore from China, and proposed to give one or two performances there.

A DISCOVERY has been made within the present month, at Vienna, of the original score of the *Zauberharfe* of Franz Schubert, which, after having been brought out at the Vienna Theatre many years ago, was taken off the boards and lost sight of till its recent accidental discovery in a perfect form by Dr. Kafka, the well-known teacher of music. The MS. has been submitted for the inspection of Messrs. Herbeck and Dumba, who are agreed in their opinion of its authenticity, and also as to that of several overtures and the entire score of his *Häuslicher Krieg*, which were recovered at the same time.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Further Report on the *Utrecht Psalter*, by Sir T. Duffus Hardy, in answer to the eight Reports made to the Trustees of the British Museum, by Mr. E. A. Bond, the Rev. H. O. Coxe, Sir Digby Wyatt, Mr. Westwood, Canon Swainson, and others, was issued this week. We hope shortly to give a notice of this very exhaustive reply to the objections raised against Sir T. Hardy's First Report.

A FEW months prior to his death last summer, Thornton Hunt placed in the hands of Mr. Townshend Mayer, of Richmond, all the papers of Leigh Hunt for examination and such public use as Mr. Mayer might deem expedient. The papers comprise, of unpublished matter, MS. plays more or less complete, note books, and a large amount of correspondence ranging over fifty years with the most celebrated of Leigh Hunt's contemporaries. Mr. Townshend Mayer has decided to use some of the latter as materials for a series of articles, the first of which will appear in the *St. James's Magazine* and *United Empire Review* for July, and will be entitled "Leigh Hunt and B. R. Haydon;" some interesting and characteristic letters from the latter will be given entire. The series will not be confined to the pages of the *St. James's Magazine*.

WE are glad to learn that Sir Frederick Graham, of Netherby, has consented to allow the Historical MSS. Commissioners to examine his collection of papers, which include, among other valuable documents, a mass of official and private correspondence of Lord Preston, chiefly with James II.

MR. ALLAN J. CROSBY has just completed a new volume of his *Calendar of Foreign Papers of the Reign of Elizabeth*, in the Rolls Series. The period comprises the years 1569, 1570, and 1571; and important documents relating to Scottish affairs about the time of the death of the Regent Murray, the religious wars in France, the negotiations for a marriage between Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou, &c., will for the first time be brought to light.

A SERIES of popular and educational lectures on the History and Philology of Assyria and Egypt, on the plan followed by the continental professors, will probably soon be originated under the sanction of the council of the Biblical Archaeology Society. Further particulars will be hereafter announced.

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